











Frontispiece.



Thurston, Del.

Branson, Sc.

THE HOTTENTOT FAMILY.



EPISTLES IN VERSE,  
BETWEEN  
CYNTHIO AND LEONORA,  
IN THREE CANTOS,  
DESCRIPTIVE OF  
*A VOYAGE TO AND FROM THE EAST INDIES.*  
WITH  
*SEVERAL OCCASIONAL PIECES.*

---

BY GEORGE MARSHALL,

LATE A CHIEF OFFICER IN THE HONORABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SEA SERVICE.

---

33  
“ Blest be the man, his memory at least,  
“ Who found the art thus to unfold his breast,  
“ And taught succeeding times an easy way  
“ Their secret thoughts by LETTERS to convey!  
“ To baffle absence and secure delight,  
“ Which, till that time, was limited to sight!  
“ The parting farewell spoke the last adieu;  
“ The less'ning distance pass'd—then loss of view!  
“ The friend was gone which some kind moment gave,  
“ And absence separated like the grave!  
“ When for a wife the youthful Patriarch sent,  
“ The camels, jewels, and the steward went,  
“ And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow,  
“ But not a LINE that might the lover show!  
“ The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms;  
“ But had she known of melting WORDS the charms,  
“ That under secret SEALS in ambush lie,  
“ To catch the soul when drawn into the eye,  
“ The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,  
“ Nor her soft hands in chains of pearl been ty'd.”

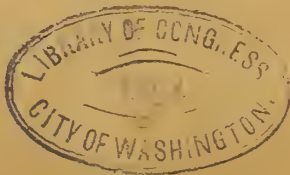
ANON.

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NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY PRESTON & HEATON.

1812.



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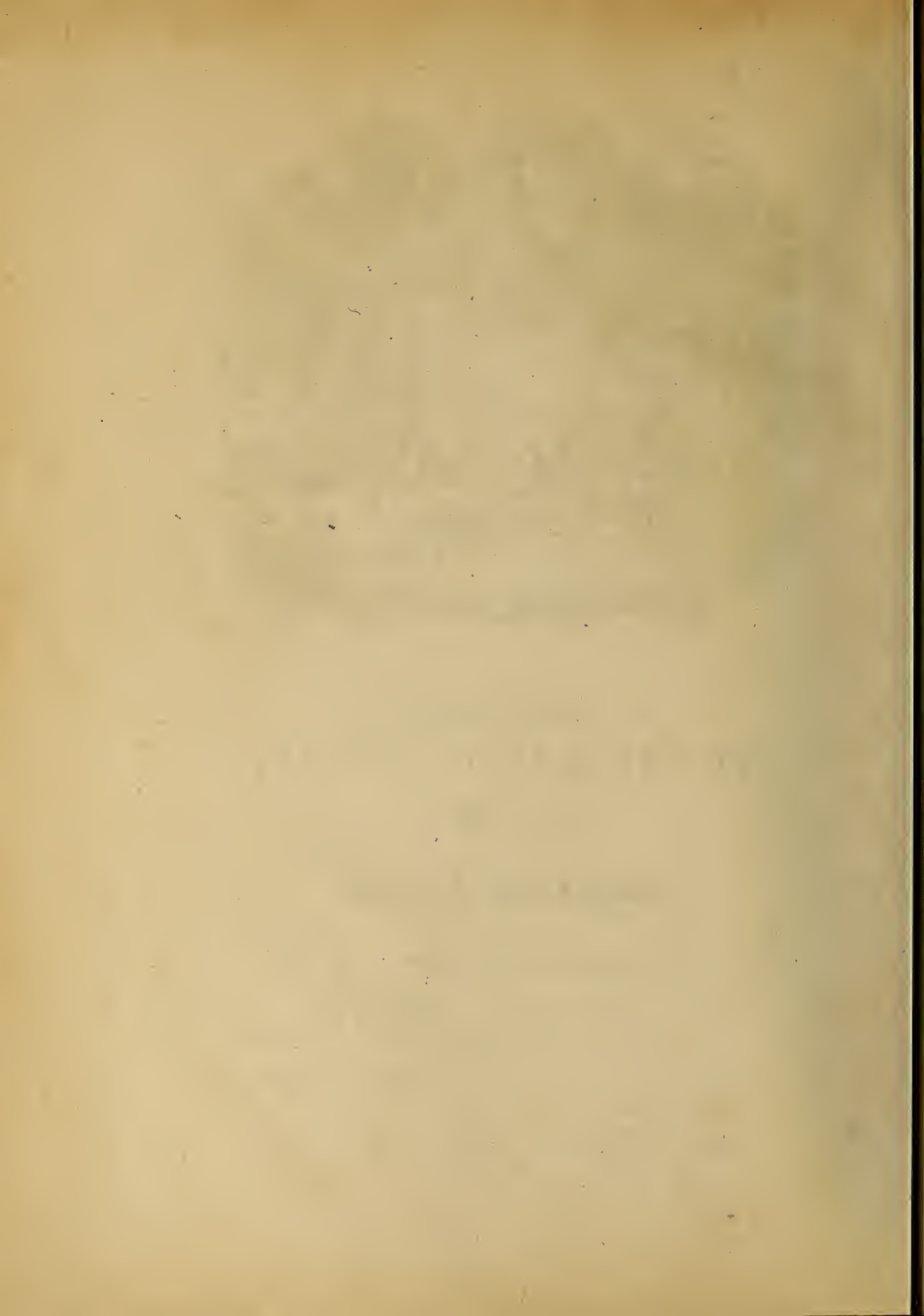
Thurston, D.J.

Branston, Sc.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**HUGH, EARL PERCY,**  
THE POEM  
OF  
**Cynthia and Leonora**  
IS,  
*WITH PERMISSION,*  
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
**GEORGE MARSHALL.**

---

*The Engravings on Wood printed by J. Warwick, 7, Nevil's Court, Fetter Lane, London.*





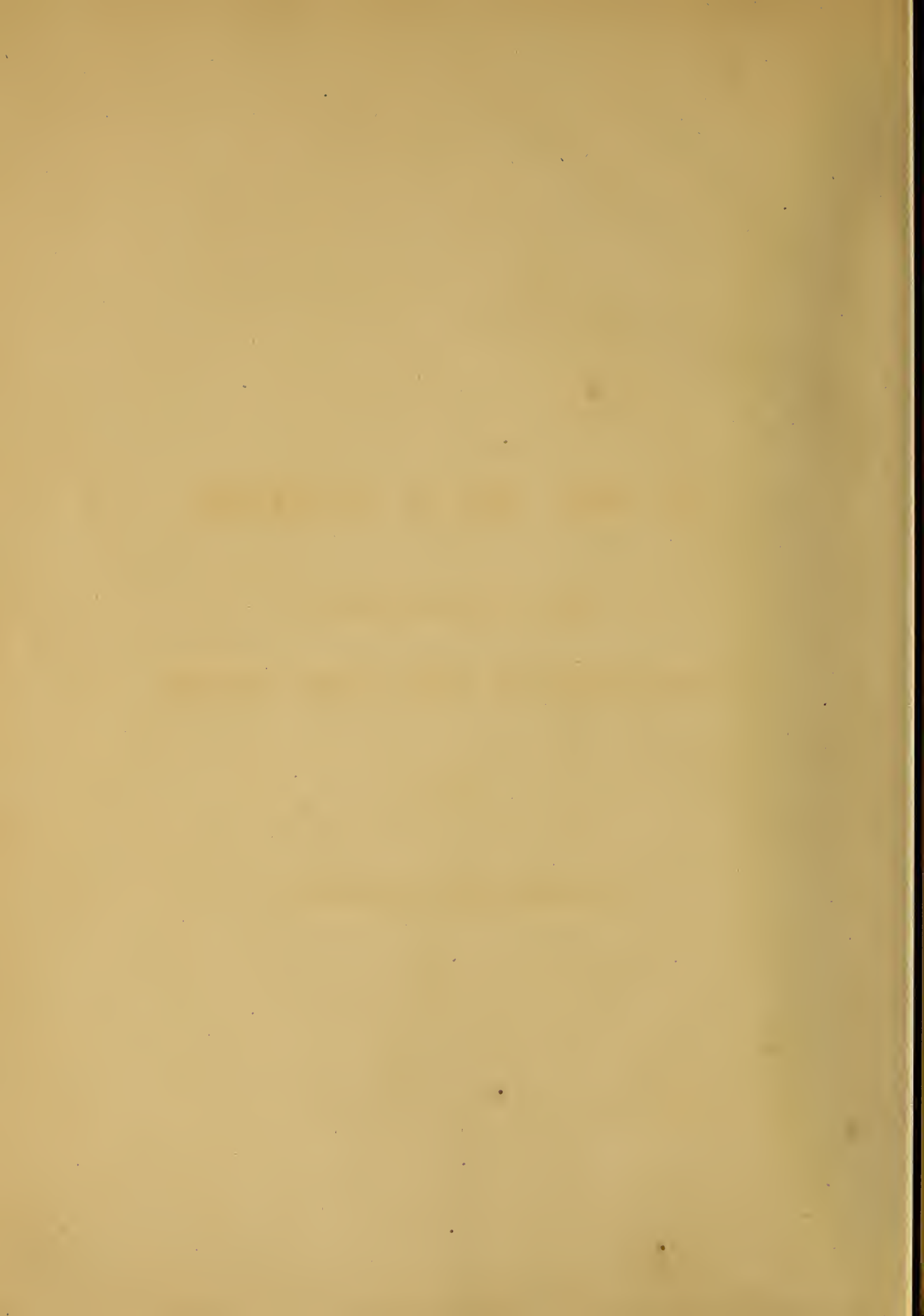
## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THE verses now offered to the reader are the production of the juvenile years of a sailor, during his relaxation from professional duties. Though many intimate friends have been pleased to fancy they saw something like merit in these effusions of a leisure hour, and have encouraged the author to submit them to the view of the public, yet he is fully aware of the awful responsibility he thus voluntarily incurs, and is perfectly sensible that he must chiefly rely upon the disadvantages of his situation, and the praise of having in some measure surmounted them, for such approbation as may be vouchsafed to him.*

*To those who are acquainted with the dangers and vicissitudes of a nautical life, it will not be necessary to remark, that few opportunities of literary refinement are presented to the mind of a seaman. Whilst he struggles with fortitude against the variety of difficulties and perils which constantly surround him, the utmost excursions of his fancy, without presuming to soar to the airy regions of poetry, are usually bounded by eager anticipations of the intended port. Victories at sea or discoveries on shore, and not the pursuits of learning and science, occupy his thoughts, when the scanty hour of meditation is afforded, which in a great measure is indebted for its value to prudent activity and strict attention.*

*Under these discouraging circumstances the following pieces were begun and completed; and, after a lapse of thirty-five years, they are at length, in compliance with the encouragement the author has received, ventured to be laid before the public. Satisfied as he is of his own inability to deserve the attention he thus solicits, he calculates upon some excuse for the present intrusion, on the consideration, that as his lot in life has not bestowed upon him the advantages of wealth, he may be pardoned for having acceded to a proposal, which has procured for him a list of names numerous beyond his most sanguine expectations. To these generous friends he embraces this opportunity of returning his most sincere and grateful acknowledgements; and, in the earnest hope that they will look with tenderness on those defects which are inseparable from all human performances, he respectfully commits his work to their kind indulgence.*



# A SON TO A FATHER,

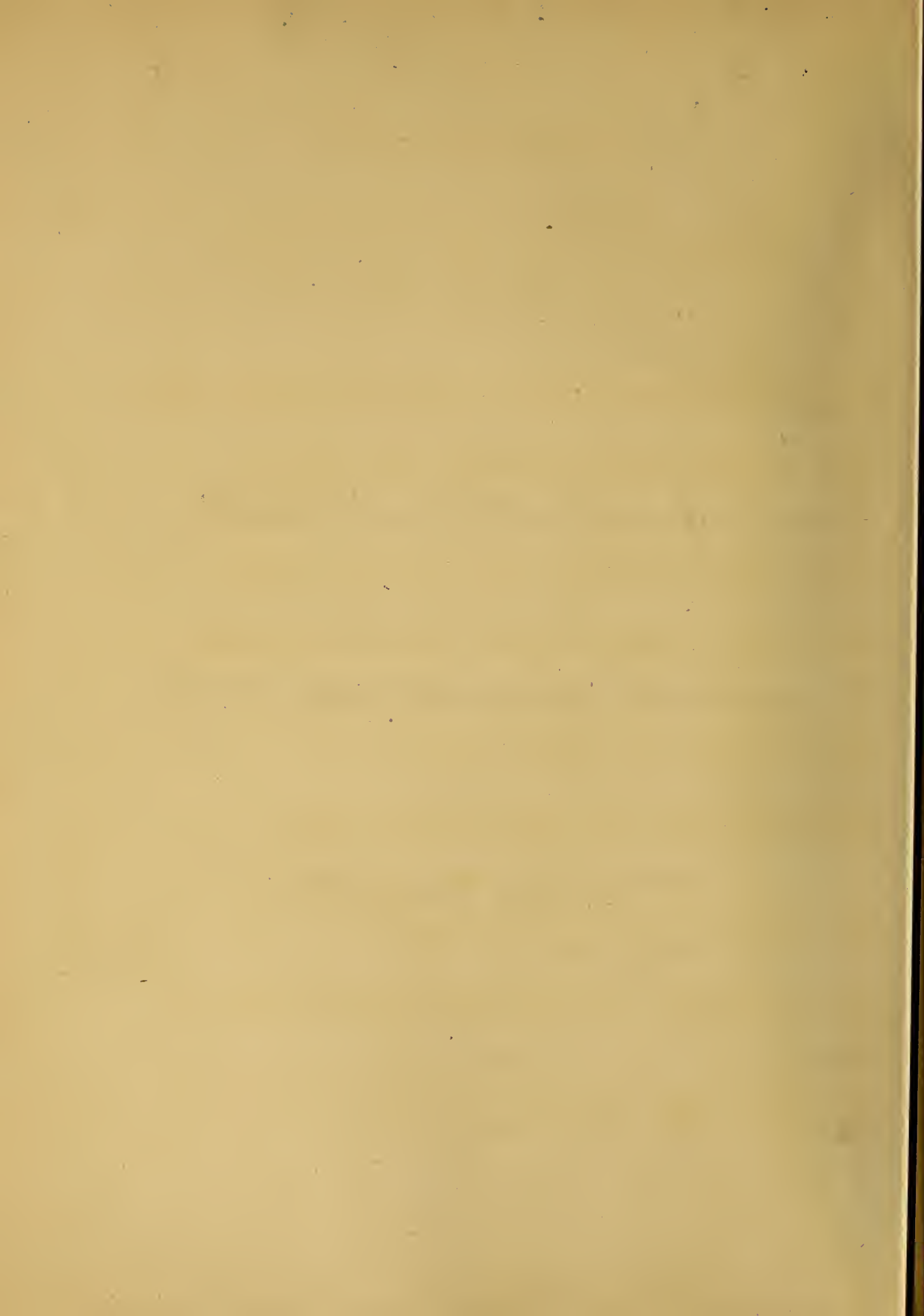
GIVING A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF

*A VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES.*



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.





*FROM A SON TO A FATHER.*

HAIL ! much-lov'd man ! forgive th' aspiring muse,  
That still, tho' feebly pinion'd, aims to soar,  
Whilst I recount my long and wearied course  
From Albion's cliffs to these inclement shores.  
And thou, Almighty Father ! whose command  
Remotest seas and prostrate nations own ;  
Whether ador'd invisible, all pure,  
Diffuse as light throughout eternal space,  
Or to some grove or mountain-top confin'd,  
The Deity of ignorance and fear ;  
Bow down thine ear from thy celestial throne,  
And the full off'ring of my praise accept.  
Accept the humble off'ring of my praise

For ev'ry instance of thy gracious aid,  
For ev'ry wonder in my favor wrought.

Whilst roving thus thro' Ocean's utmost bounds,  
And fancy wanton'd mid the splendid scenes  
Of Asia's gorgeous piles, with fleeting haste  
We greet that far-fam'd \*town whose dastard fate  
Caus'd dying pangs in royal Mary's breast.  
But here my growing hopes too soon were damp'd,  
And mournful parting from the godlike man  
Who snatch'd me from Oblivion's sick'ning shade,  
To western shores I bent my friendless way.  
Hard tho' my lot, yet what my sire requests,  
'Tis Fate commands, and mine still to obey.

\* Calais.—It was seized and taken by the Duke of Guise, in the latter end of Mary's reign, after being in the possession of the English from the time of Edward III.—Mary said, when she was opened, the name of *Calais* would be found engraven on her heart.



But ah ! my friend, when haply you arrive  
Where Indian spices scent the ambient air,  
Where Nilus flows, or sad Euphrates rolls,  
Think now I freeze, and now intensely burn,  
And heave for me the sympathising sigh.

Now welcome Eurys fills the swelling sails,  
The lab'ring cordage groans beneath his might,  
And the sharp prow divides the yielding main.  
See far behind Ocrinum's less'ning height,  
Fam'd headland of Danmonium's rocky coast,  
By shipwreck'd mariners erst wisely shun'd.  
Now direful Scilly mocks the straining sight,  
And her faint fires send forth a dying gleam.

Adieu, dear cliffs ! ye happy plains, adieu !

The night of dark Uncertainty o'erspreads  
My future life----my heart is still with you !

Yet e'er bright Sol, in many annual rounds,  
Shall with his genial influence cheer the globe,  
New splendor on my native land shall beam.  
See haughty Spain submissive strike the flag,  
Where'er thy dreaded fleets triumphant ride !  
See humbled Gaul with lowly aspect bend,  
And with dejected air thy friendship seek !  
See ev'ry region of the earth conspire  
To waft their wealth to thy industrious shores !  
Ah ! may I yet revisit thee again,  
Once more survey thy Thames, of rivers Queen,  
Thy sedgy Cam, and hear Maria's song  
Sweet-warbled thro' its many-winding vales !

From Hyperborean skies that chill the blood  
Far distant now, we feel the scorching ray ;  
Toss'd on the heads of broad Atlantic waves,  
Now storms appal, now vexing calms succeed.  
Here Boreas, sweeping o'er the rising flood,  
Provokes the ruthless storm ; Heav'n's fire shoots forth  
In forked arrows from the angry sky,  
And the bright flash illumines the gloom of night.  
Black and sulphureous clouds discharge their stores ;  
And hark ! loud thunder rolls with deaf'ning roar.  
No more the helm obeys the pilot's hand ;  
But, borne aloft, our masts invade the skies,  
And straight are buried in the gulf below.

Now the fierce gale exhausted dies away,  
Nature reposes on the lap of Peace,



And our tall vessel rolls her giddy head,  
As swell on swell assails her lofty sides.  
Lo ! azure streaks the crystal vault o'erspread,  
Resplendent Cynthia gilds the shining deep,  
Whose waves in sportive undulation play.  
Dreadful vicissitudes ! but grateful still  
To minds resolv'd to climb the steeps of Fame,  
To Genius that aspires, tho' o'er its head  
The waters of Misfortune wildly roll.  
Grateful is honor purchas'd by desert !  
Let sordid spirits in luxurious ease  
The precious moments of existence waste ;  
Ours is the useful life, ours want and woe,  
Famine, and all the direful train of ills  
That human nature shrinks at ; these conspire  
In vain to check us in the glorious race.

Now from the main the heavy fogs arise  
\* O'er Newfoundland's vast and prolific banks ;  
Whilst wafted onward with auspicious gales  
We pass the false Nantucket's treach'rous sands ;  
Here frozen Boreas stays our prosp'rous course,  
And, fraught with all his wintry plagues, combines  
To bar us from the hospitable port.

At length we view the welcome shining fane ;  
Scarce we believe, or trust our wond'ring sight,  
When Sandy-Hook extends its friendly arms,  
And in autumnal hues salutes our eyes ;  
Whilst far and wide the hills and dales display  
The latest gift of Ceres to the year.  
Such a delight exulting mortals own,

\* North-West winds prevalent here at this season of the year.

Rais'd from the couch where Death expectant waits  
Th' Almighty's nod to execute his task.

Fondly I gaze o'er all the cheerful land,  
But still remember my dear friends' advice ;  
What tho' th' enchanting scene invites my stay,  
I boldly venture on the waves again !

Yet should I well deserve the odious name  
Ingratitude conveys, if I not chant  
Your praises, fair ones of this infant world !  
Free, gentle, good, and virtuous, you adorn  
Each stage of life ; in you the duteous child,  
Th' endearing mother, and the prudent wife !  
Your worth I sing ; but your surpassing charms  
Transcend the reach of my too feeble Lyre.



Ah ! could I, Georgiana, sound thy praise,  
A Helen's beauty sure thou shouldst outvie,  
And chaste Lucretia's boasted virtue foil.  
How have my hours transported wing'd their course,  
Fast list'ning as she spoke ! for ev'ry grace  
Sure waited on her tongue, and tun'd her voice.  
Soft tuneful Sappho ! gen'rous-hearted fair !  
No more I see thee guide the varied wheels  
With manly skill, o'er the wide level plain ;  
Or, wrapt in transport, catch thy glowing verse.  
Adieu, sweet nymph ! thou charming maid, adieu !  
For thee each year a festal day shall wake  
To glad me with remembrance of the past,  
And all the joyous hours thou hast bestow'd.

Alas ! lamented friend ! where art thou now ?

Campbell, to echo Georgiana's praise !  
But ah ! thy tuneful accents charm no more  
In mortal semblance ! Dearest shade, come down,  
And hover o'er me with thy angel wings !  
Dispel the grief that fills my inmost soul,  
Grief, endless grief, for thy untimely fate !  
Had rocks, or shoals, or mountain waves at war  
With howling winds, or all the hideous tribe  
Of savages that prowl this desert waste ;  
Had these, and more, been marshal'd 'gainst thy life,  
We jointly then had render'd up our breath,  
Happy to fall united ! Now alone  
I wander comfortless in search of rest,  
And like a shipwreck'd mariner aghast  
On some wave-beaten rock, I cast my eyes  
O'er Life's rough ocean, but my hopes are gone !

Soon we descry the shores, that owe their name  
\* To Charles's bride, slow rising from afar.  
And now, in lieu of seamen's dangers past,  
Welcome soft music and the sportive dance,  
While jocund damsels and their raptur'd mates  
Pass the delicious moments void of care,  
And only study how to laugh and love.  
We leave you, under Calvert's friendly sway  
Contented, lovely girls ! for pathless woods,  
And the devouring herd that harbour there,  
Whose piercing howls, when Night o'erspreads her veil,  
Terrific shake the firmest breast with fear.

Now safe we greet with eager view the bounds  
Of that fam'd colony, from whence the weed,

\* The wife of Charles I. was called Henrietta ; that of Charles II. Catharine.

The salutif'rous plant\* that shields the breast  
From noxious vapours of th' inclement sky,  
Provocative of solid studious thought,  
Derives its earliest growth ; the land that erst  
Employ'd the labours of a virgin Queen,  
And still is sacred to Eliza's fame.

Thence far away the martial trump invites  
My youthful ardour to th' ensanguin'd field,  
To wield my sword against Britannia's foes,  
Where southern suns intensely shed their fires,  
And a devouring train of plagues create.  
The winds, obedient to the warriors' vows,  
Triumphant waft us to the distant shores,

\* The Docken, or plant denominated Tobacco, first found here, and plucked, and dried, and smoked, by Sir Walter Raleigh ; who, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, his sovereign mistress, christened it *Virginia*, the name it bears to this day.



Where wild Bellona scatters death around,  
And wasteful Havoc holds resistless sway.

Here must I cease ; superior is the theme,  
The glorious theme, the great, the godlike chief  
Who rul'd our fleet, and vanquish'd haughty Gaul,  
To my too mean essay ! Let Homer wake,  
Let Virgil strike, once more the martial Lyre,  
Or Cæsar's or Pharsalia's bard arise !  
Their lofty numbers, their aspiring song,  
Alone could reach the summit of his praise.

Once more at Neptune's shrine my vows I pay,  
And Asia's havens soon shall ope their arms.  
Soon shall the waving deserts smoke around,  
And lurking monsters scour across the wild.

But this e'er long shall swell prosaic tale ;  
For sad reflection now assails my heart,  
And the poetic rage, that lent me wings,  
Expires, as silent as an evening breeze.

Ye tuneful Nine ! ye Heliconian fair !  
Forgive the fond presumption of my youth,  
In daring thus to invoke your names,  
In this my latest, this my last offence,  
Last profanation of your hallow'd rites.  
Dear to my heart be this my latest song,  
That filial homage to my Father pays !

THE  
SUPPLICATION.

---

Great God ! who rul'st the raging winds  
Which Ocean's face deform,  
Propitious to my pray'rs attend,  
And hush the rising storm.

Do thou the seaman's fears remove,  
His wav'd-toss'd vessel steer ;  
Be thou his guide upon the deep,  
His help when death is near.

And while around, in dreadful strife,  
Terrific surges roar,  
Let him not pray to thee in vain,  
But lead him safe to shore.

If a fond partner weeps his fate,  
Or child for father sighs,  
Support them in their deep distress,  
And dry their tear-swoln eyes.

In transports shall they meet again,  
Adore thy wond'rous ways,  
And own thy providential care,  
With gratitude and praise.



LEONORA

TO

CYNTHIO,

*ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND.*

---

Dearest of all in Britain's isle,  
Too soon to leave thy native soil,  
And foreign climes explore ;  
The paths of Virtue ever tread,  
And, by the hand of Knowledge led,  
Be blest with Wisdom's lore.

The gifts of Fortune too be thine ;  
May each auspicious pow'r combine  
    To keep thy mind at ease !

On thee Hygeia's bounty flow,  
Unknown to thee be ev'ry woe  
    On India's distant seas !

But if some ills thou must sustain,  
On shore, or on the boist'rous main,  
    Oh ! be they few and light !  
Let sorrow ne'er unman thy breast,  
Of courage still remain possess'd,  
    Convinc'd that all is right.

Thro' Life's rough seas we safe may steer,  
If Prudence keep the reck'ning clear,

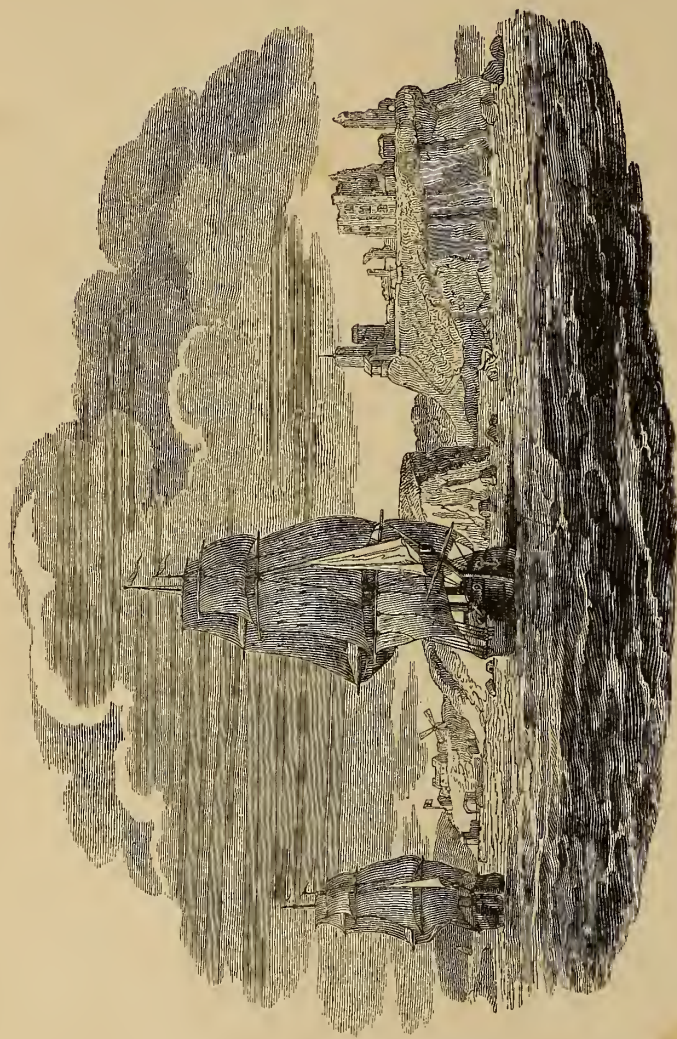
And Temp'rance note the tide :  
Whene'er an adverse wind prevails,  
Let Fortitude attend the sails,  
And Hope the rudder guide.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





Thurston, Del.

A VIEW OF SHIELDS HARBOUR.

White, Sc.

CYNTHIO

AND

LEONORA.

---

*CANTO THE FIRST.*





## ARGUMENT.

---

CYNTHIO, a young gentleman, is supposed to have been married, unknown to his father, to a young lady named LEONORA, of great merit, but small fortune—The father, having large concerns in India, orders his son to get himself ready to go thither on particular business—The meeting and parting of the lovers—Cynthio sets out for London, and on his arrival finds the East India fleet had sailed—Is ordered by his father to proceed to Holland, and take his passage in a Dutch Indiaman—Embarks in a vessel named the *Amity's Regard*, belonging to Mr Thomas Maling, of Scarborough—Reflections on leaving the land—A mild evening—Wind freshens from the S. W. quarter, and increases to a storm—Its progress—A dark, dismal night—The ship labours in great distress—In the morning see a vessel, from the S. W. quarter, bearing down upon us—The ship being water-logged, and too great a sea to hoist a boat out, he stood off and on the greatest part of the day; and standing athwart our hawse, dropped a keg, with a small line attached to it, in hopes it would come so near as to tempt some adventurous swimmer to try to get hold of it; but in this case the gale was too violent, and sea too high, to admit any attempt of the sort—In the evening the captain of the *Young Rosette* (the name of the vessel that came to our assistance) made the only effort in his power—He came under our lee, and so near, with the assistance of the main boom, which we had preserved, as to permit the author and two seamen to drop on shipboard—He arrived just in a fortunate moment; for, after wearing, he pointed to our unfortunate vessel, which was just on the point of sinking—Reflections on the loss of the *Amity's Regard*, and shocking impiety of the two surviving seamen—Supplicate the Deity—Neptune and the sea nymphs attend, and sing a hymn—See the coast of Holland, steer for the Texel, and anchor in the river Maese—A soliloquy in consequence of our providential escape from a watry grave—The captain, by birth a Dane, assembled all his crew, and returned public thanksgiving.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON,

Printed by J. Sturges,

at the Golden Anchor,

in Pall-mall.

1724.

Vol. I.

CHAP. I.

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE

YEAR 1625.

*CYNTHIO and LEONORA.*

---

*CANTO FIRST.*

---

CLOSE by the busy Tyne, whose verdant side  
The Spring had deck'd in Nature's lavish pride,  
Young Cynthio by his Leonora sate,  
And mourn'd the cruel rigor of his fate ;  
For now the dreadful parting hour drew near,  
Which neither could avoid, nor either bear.  
Grief, for a while, had each so overcome,  
That Passion here seem'd eloquently dumb ;

At length its way the rising anguish made,  
And thus the pensive lover spoke the maid.

*CYNTHIO.*

Oh ! Leonora, once I fondly thought,  
The deepest grief ill fortune ever wrought,  
At thy appearance would have left me free,  
And ev'ry trouble fled at sight of thee ;  
Thy smiles were wont my heavy heart to cheer,  
The world, methought, went well when thou wert near ;  
But while pale Sadness sits upon thy brow,  
'Tis death to view my Leonora now.

*LEONORA.*

Will Cynthio still, by all our plighted vows,  
Forgive the weakness of his tender spouse ?



What if my tongue its fondness could repress,  
Yet what avails it, if my eyes confess ?  
Fain would I speak, in hopes I may prevail,  
And sure to thee my suit should never fail ;  
Didst thou but know how wanting I shall be  
Of ev'ry comfort, when depriv'd of thee,  
Thou wouldst not, cruel, thus resolve to part,  
And strive relentless thus to break my heart.  
Why dost thou weep ? and is thy grief sincere ?  
Since 'tis thy fault that either sheds a tear.  
By this, the weakness of thy love I find,  
For, were it true, thou wouldst be less unkind ;  
Nor thus could view thy Leonora's woe,  
Nor with determin'd mind to dangers go.

## CYNTHIO.

Oh! Leonora! thy upbraiding spare,  
My heart already has too much to bear.  
Yon radiant sun, the witness of our loves,  
Knows my fond passion, and its warmth approves;  
A passion, as thy spotless merit, great,  
No chance can alter, and no time abate.  
Is it, alas! too little that we part,  
But must thy doubts transfix my bleeding heart?  
Thou know'st my honor'd father's stern decree  
Sends me, reluctant, to the treach'rous sea;  
Unduteous sons will still inconstant prove,  
False to their parents, faithless to their love.

*LEONORA.*

Alas! my Cynthio! now I find, too late,  
How maids, by too much faith, but urge their fate;  
He who by such excuses intercedes,  
Will soon the absence hail for which he pleads.  
Love still to new impressions yielding place,  
Some foreign flame may soon my form efface,  
Some kinder nymph may shew a fairer face. }  
But, foolish! why my fears do I disclose  
To one whose bosom no compassion knows?  
Yes, deaf as rocks, and wild as waves that roar,  
Go, swift embark! to be beheld no more!  
But think, when you the tempest's fury find,  
Think on the storm in Leonora's mind!

## CYNTHIO.

Oh ! Leonora ! I can scarce reprove  
The tender chidings of thy artless love ;  
Not more the seaman joys in prosp'rous breeze,  
Than these dear marks of fond resentment please ;  
And winning, as thou art, in form and mind,  
'Tis yet a stronger charm to know thee kind ;  
But let not thy alarms embitter Fate,  
Nor start at dangers which thy fears create ;  
Believe me thine, wherever I may go,  
O'er India's sea, or frozen Zembla's snow ;  
Nor think my breast can new impressions bear,  
Thy image is too deeply written there.  
Me, when I'm false, by Fortune left forlorn,  
May Heav'n forsake, and Leonora scorn.



*LEONORA.*

Forgive the weakness of a love-sick maid,  
By Hymen bless'd, but by her stars betray'd ;  
And must thou go, and I too give consent ?  
Yet oh ! would Fate forbid, and thou relent !  
Think on thy vows, when, at the holy shrine,  
Thou gav'st thyself to be for ever mine ;  
But here again I read thy angry eye  
Accuse our feeble sex's jealousy.  
I own my fault, nor canst thou disapprove ;  
Suspicion, Cynthio, is the child of Love.  
Weak is the passion where no doubts appear,  
The fumes of fondness prove the flame sincere ;  
And doubly pleasure pays us for our pain,  
When we behold our fancy'd terrors vain,

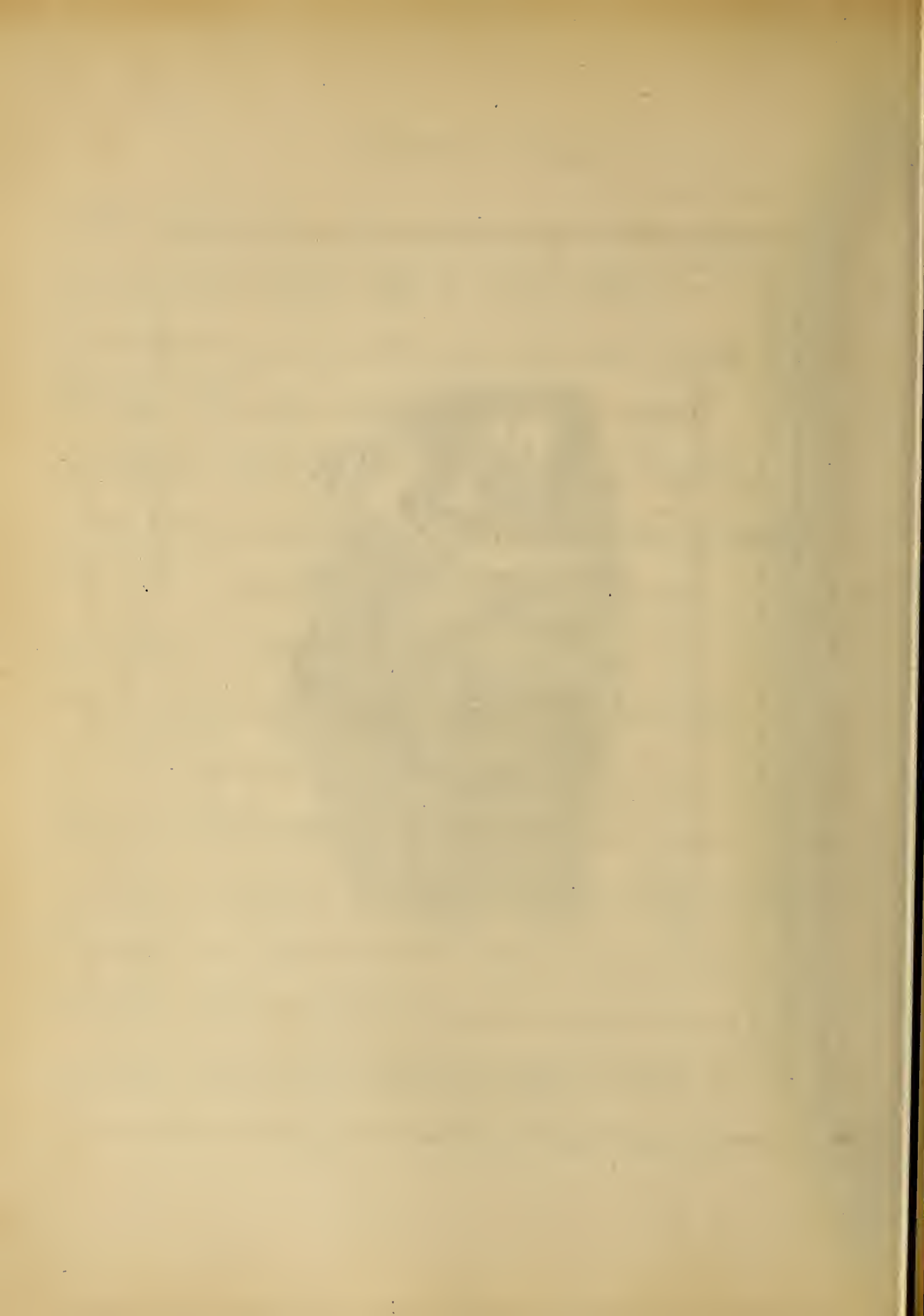
This token wear---the ringlets once were mine,  
So let them witness still the owner thine ;  
And think, my love, the gift was once a part  
Of her, who gave to Cynthio all her heart.  
Farewell ! where'er thy footsteps Fate shall lead,  
May Heav'n protect thee, and each wish succeed !  
Yet, oh ! remember me, and quick return,  
Nor leave me thus in solitude to mourn ;  
Lest constant grief my anxious mind corrode,  
And I desponding seek that drear abode,  
Where mortal sorrows calm'd for ever cease,  
And life's rough storm sinks down in endless peace !  
Behold those babes, sweet pledges of our love ;  
Thy boy, thy second self, sure he may move  
A father's heart ! the savage beasts of prey  
Caress their young ; is man less kind than they ?



Thurston, Del.

Grassington, Sc.

THE PARTING OF CYNTHIO AND LEONORA.





Our boasted reason vain, if instinct teach  
Wisdom superior, which man cannot reach.  
Forbid it, Heav'n ! nor give my bosom pain !  
Why sleep thy feelings ? be thyself again !

The fair one now, with pensive cares oppress'd,  
Silent reclines on her fond partner's breast ;  
Now rising grief in words declare her woe,  
In vain her Cynthio soothes ; still faster flow  
The falling tears ; content I ne'er can taste,  
Thus doom'd my solitary days to waste.  
She said, nor longer could her words impart  
The secret anguish of her bleeding heart.

CYNTHIO.

Cheer thy fond breast, and ev'ry fear remove,  
The righteous Pow'rs shall bless thy spotless love ;

In pity to a flame so like its own,  
Heav'n shall thy faith with bliss unfading crown ;  
Nor long shall absence prey upon thy charms,  
Soon shall I clasp thee to my longing arms ;  
That hope alone supports my drooping heart,  
And gives me fortitude from thee to part.  
For still, whatever Fortune has assign'd,  
Thy image shall be present to my mind ;  
While Tyne swift rolling to the sea shall run,  
And round the heav'ns shall beam the glorious sun ;  
While trees yon mountain tops with shades supply,  
Thy Cynthio's love for thee shall never die.  
Her tender bosom heaves, my heart she wrings,  
With looks, which speak unutterable things ;  
I could no more, and selfish sought relief  
In calls of duty, to assuage my grief.

Sweet is the tender anguish of the tear,  
Which steals down manly cheeks devoid of fear !  
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn  
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The order giv'n, the signal gun is fir'd,  
And the last moment of my stay expir'd.  
In haste the deck I mount---compar'd with me  
The storm knows rest, and peace the raging sea !  
Still, still I view her on the less'ning strand,  
Gaze thro' her tears, and "wave her lily hand."





C Y N T H I O

TO

LEONORA,

FROM THE

*CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE

## REIGN OF

THE GREAT KING  
OF THE  
UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND  
FROM THE DEATH OF  
CHARLES THE SECOND  
TO THE DEATH OF  
WILLIAM THE THIRD  
BY  
JOHN HUGHES  
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE  
ESQ.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
LONDON:  
PRINTED BY J. KNEELAND, AT THE  
SIGN OF THE SUN IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1727.

*CYNTHIO to LEONORA.*

---

FROM regions far remote, and wilds that lie  
In southern climes, beneath the torrid sky ;  
From that fam'd point whence no more land is found,  
But roaring waves of ocean all around ;  
To thee, fond object of my soul's delight,  
Whose parting image hovers round my sight ;  
To thee, thrice tender name ! my wedded wife,  
The sting of absence, but the balm of life ;  
To thee, my dearer self, my softer friend,  
These faithful lines let mournful Cynthio send.

Let Love, with active wings, the message bear,  
To soothe thy griefs, and bring me back my share.  
Let him inform thee how my tortur'd mind  
Hangs on the vital treasures left behind ;  
While, sighing as my sentiments I trace,  
Quick drop the tears, and half the page efface.

Oh ! thou, in whose complacency I find  
The sweetest solace of my lab'ring mind ;  
Thou dearest partner of my joys and cares,  
Thou daily subject of my fervent pray'rs ;  
Whom should I prize but thee, my charming spouse ?  
Thee, mine alone by Hymen's solemn vows !  
Are children dear ? then doubly dear to me  
My Leonora's beauteous progeny.



None can I strive to win, dear wife, but thee,  
Who gav'st, in blooming youth, thy charms to me.

Blest be the day when Hymen join'd our hands,  
And bound our faithful hearts in mutual bands !  
The day when thou, by pure affection led,  
Didst take me for thy spouse, thy guide, thy head.  
Hail, wedded love ! source of domestic joys !  
Hence jarring discord, which all bliss destroys.  
Still in thy bosom glow the sacred flame,  
Tho' years roll by, its vital warmth the same ;  
So may our nuptial joys unfading prove,  
And death alone set limits to our love.

Say, Leonora, whose unblemish'd mind  
Was sure for purer, happier days design'd,

When first thy bosom felt the mutual fire,  
And heav'd unconscious of its new desire ;  
Say, could thy thought the slightest presage form,  
Or fancy picture the succeeding storm ?  
Couldst thou foresee that Hymen's recent light  
Should sink so soon in envious Fortune's night ?  
That, scarce acquainted with thy spotless charms,  
Fate's sudden frown should tear me from thy arms ?  
From bliss extatic should my heart divide,  
And banish far thy husband from thy side,  
In one sad hour a widow and a bride !

Yet such our fate, distressing to the heart,  
Alternate doom'd to meet, again to part.  
In vain would Love our happier lot renew,  
While Fortune keeps her victim still in view.

Thrice have I boldly urg'd my eager way,  
O'er threat'ning billows and the pathless sea ;  
As oft have borne the heart-distracting pain,  
And join'd thee, but to lose thee o'er again.

Torn from thy sight, my cheerless way I sped  
Where vast Augusta rears her tow'ring head ;  
Old Thames majestic rolls his rapid tide,  
And barks unnumber'd on his bosom glide ;  
The lofty wharfs the tide of crystal laves,  
And ancient fanes are shadow'd in the waves.  
Whilst honor, pleasure, opulence invite,  
Wealth heightens art, and art refines delight ;  
Consuming Luxury the banquet spreads,  
Behind Disease, and future Famine treads.

Tir'd of the splendors of her boasted court,  
And the dull noise that circles in her port,  
I sought a ship, and hasten'd to the sea,  
From din and tumult of the city free ;  
To oriental climes I bend my way,  
And bow submissive to a parent's sway.

Farewell, my love ! the Amity's unmoor'd,  
Lading compleat, and passengers on board.  
The seamen now prepare to leave the shore,  
We bid adieu, perhaps to meet no more ;  
To meet no more, alas ! the cruel day !  
But such ill-omen'd thoughts be far away ;  
Is't not enough to part, and leave behind  
All that is dear, benevolent, and kind ?



Ah me ! in vain the flow'ry spring returns,  
All nature's cheer'd, and yet thy Cynthio mourns.  
To me it nought avails, since needs I go  
To urge my fate, thro' this sad world of woe ;  
Remov'd far distant from those happy plains,  
Where late I sung amidst the list'ning swains ;  
Plains ever more belov'd, since all that's dear,  
My friends, my parents, and my love are there.

In sympathising mood methinks you mourn,  
And anxious wait a truant youth's return.  
Oh ! did my station with my mind agree,  
If e'er I wander'd, it should be with thee !  
Than Albion's isle no further would I stray,  
With thee the time would fly too swift away.

Then my rough genius would in time refine,  
Acquiring worth, by imitating thine.  
With thee I'd wander o'er th' historic page,  
And view the changeful scenes of ev'ry age ;  
Or, led by thee, the latent paths explore  
Of grave philosophy's extensive lore ;  
Or now, reclining in the sylvan bow'r,  
With tuneful bards enjoy the blissful hour.  
Shakespeare, who speaks the language of the soul ;  
And Milton, soaring o'er the starry pole ;  
Descriptive Thomson, and religious Young,  
Pope, Swift, and Gay, and all the sons of song.

Delightful scenes ! in which I once had part,  
And still the dear remembrance warms my heart.

With long farewell I leave the laurel grove,  
Where Science and the tuneful Sisters rove;  
And now prepare to quit this happy isle,  
Whose fruitful vallies with fair Ceres smile.  
Farewell! and tho' an exile doom'd to roam,  
My heart still lingers at its native home!  
In midst of Indian groves I still shall find  
The climate only chang'd, and not the mind.

But hark! the signal shrill, the boatswain's cry,  
(Responsive Echo trembles through the sky)  
"All hands unmoor!" the cavern'd rocks reply.  
And mark our chief, "Make haste, your anchor weigh!  
"Quick, drop your lower sails, and stand to sea!"

Adieu, dear land ! old Albion's cliffs, adieu !  
Britain, farewell ! farewell, my love so true !  
Here no dark den conceals voracious foes,  
The beach no fierce amphibious monster knows ;  
No crocodile in quest of blood appears,  
And o'er his dying prey weeps cruel tears ;  
No false hyena, feigning human grief,  
Here murders him whose pity brings relief :  
Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,  
Tho' distant seen, with treach'rous arms surround ;  
Here quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy,  
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt destroy.

From Cambria's shores, O fly ! nor dare to trust  
The faithless people of that savage coast.



There seamen oft their hapless fate deplore,  
Who scape the seas are wreck'd upon the shore.  
Around the beach the fell barbarians stray,  
The vessel rend, and on the cargo prey.  
Some quit the wreck in hopes their life to save,  
And in the billows find a watry grave;  
While those who haply scape the raging flood,  
But reach the shore by man to shed their blood.  
By others' woe these cruel plund'ers live,  
Subsist by rapine, and by ruin thrive.  
Such are our dangers on Cornubia's coast,  
All foreign ills compar'd with these are lost.  
May Justice then, long slumb'ring Justice, wake,  
And on these cannibals due vengeance take.

While swift before the wind the vessel flies,  
To Albion's coast I turn my ling'ring eyes ;  
Till, lost in clouds, I can no more behold  
Her verdant hills, and fields of waving gold.  
Now seas and skies our prospect only bound,  
An empty space above, a floating field around.  
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,  
And one short month endure the wintry main !  
Few leagues remov'd, we long for native shores,  
When the ship tosses, and the tempest roars ;  
Then well this tedious course demands our tears,  
The hopeless length of three revolving years.  
Full well I know thy sympathetic heart  
In all thy Cynthio's suff'rings takes a part ;  
Then arm thyself to hear his tale of woes,  
Which from the tongue of bleeding Mem'ry flows.

'Twas midnight hour, and on the placid wave  
Slept the grim storm as silent as the grave ;  
High in the blue expanse the silver moon  
Radiant amidst the lesser planets shone ;  
And, o'er the dusky visage of the night,  
Diffus'd a pleasing, melancholy light.  
Thro' the smooth flood, by prosp'rous gales impell'd,  
Our stately bark her course triumphant held ;  
Whilst round the lofty sides, in idle play,  
The am'rous waves would curl and pass away.

Stretch'd on the deck the watch their mates among  
Quaff the full bowl, or tune the mirthful song ;  
Or, circling round the man of stories, press,  
Whose each new wonder makes the former less ;

Or fancy-led the wish'd-for port they gain,  
The end of all their labor and their pain.  
Already in th' ideal grasp they hold  
The tender consort, or the parent fold ;  
Each to his wishes blest, will then no more  
The dangers of the faithless deep deplore.

Thus, wrapt in full security, they sate,  
And held the visions of the mind for Fate ;  
They thought the present scene would ever last,  
Blind to the future, thoughtless of the past ;  
When, from the weeping south, with humid wings,  
Lo ! furious Auster unexpected springs ;  
In boist'rous rage alarm'd, old Ocean rose,  
And Nature started from her calm repose ;





Thurston, Del.

C. N. Galt, Sc.

THE AMITY'S REGARD IN GREAT DISTRESS.



Deep thro' th' ariel vault the thunders roll,  
And the fork'd light'ning darts from either pole.  
Now all the elements in contest join,  
Pale Luna, panic-struck, forgets to shine ;  
And, wrapt in clouds and shrinking from the sight,  
Resigns us o'er to Chaos and to Night :  
The waves no longer now in pastime play,  
Roll soft against the ship, and glide away ;  
But, by the force of the resistless gale,  
To mountains swell'd, the topmast's height assail.

In vain, observant of the helm, we try'd  
O'er the wild surge the madd'ning bark to guide ;  
In whirling eddies tost, she giddy turns,  
And all the pilot's art and labor scorns ;



While helpless we, and impotent to save,  
Drive at the mercy of th' insulting wave.  
The horseman thus, whose fiery steed disdains  
An even course, impatient of the reins,  
Headlong is hurried o'er the distant strand,  
Th' unruly courser mocks his lord's command ;  
Now here, now there, the head-strong rebel flies,  
Nor feels the checking curb, or, feeling it, defies.  
E'en so the stately bark, in gaudy pride,  
Unruly turns, and dances on the tide.

Fierce, and more fierce, the southern Demon blew,  
And more incens'd the rising waters grew ;  
The lab'ring hull now stagg'ring to and fro,  
Aloft now mounting, now absorb'd below ;



As o'er her decks the whole collected deep,  
Resistless torrent, seems at once to sweep ;  
And thus the sport of winds and waters tost,  
'Tis Providence preserves, or all were lost.  
Grim king of terrors ! heighten'd by our fears,  
Death in a thousand dreadful forms appears !  
As flashing livid, thro' the gloom of night,  
We view our danger by the thunder's light ;  
Trembling we see, in each devouring wave,  
Our last sad fate, the seaman's watry grave !  
Now lost to hope, our pray'rs invoke the skies,  
And Heav'n we seek with supplicating cries :

“ Oh ! Source of life, our refuge and our stay,  
“ Whose voice the warring elements obey,

“ On thy almighty aid we still rely,  
“ And crave thy mercy if we’re doom’d to die !  
“ Perchance this storm was sent with healing breath  
“ From tainted shores to chase disease and death !  
“ As thro’ the stormy seas of life we run,  
“ Great Cause of all, thy holy will be done !  
“ ’Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust,  
“ Convinc’d that whatsoever is, is just.”

While we in secret breath’d the fervent pray’r,  
Kind Heaven all-gracious lent a pitying ear :  
High Jove still hears the heart-repenting sigh,  
Lo ! a brave vessel comes ! relief is nigh !

Ah ! hapless Amity ! what now avails  
Thy lofty tow’ring height ! thy spreading sails !



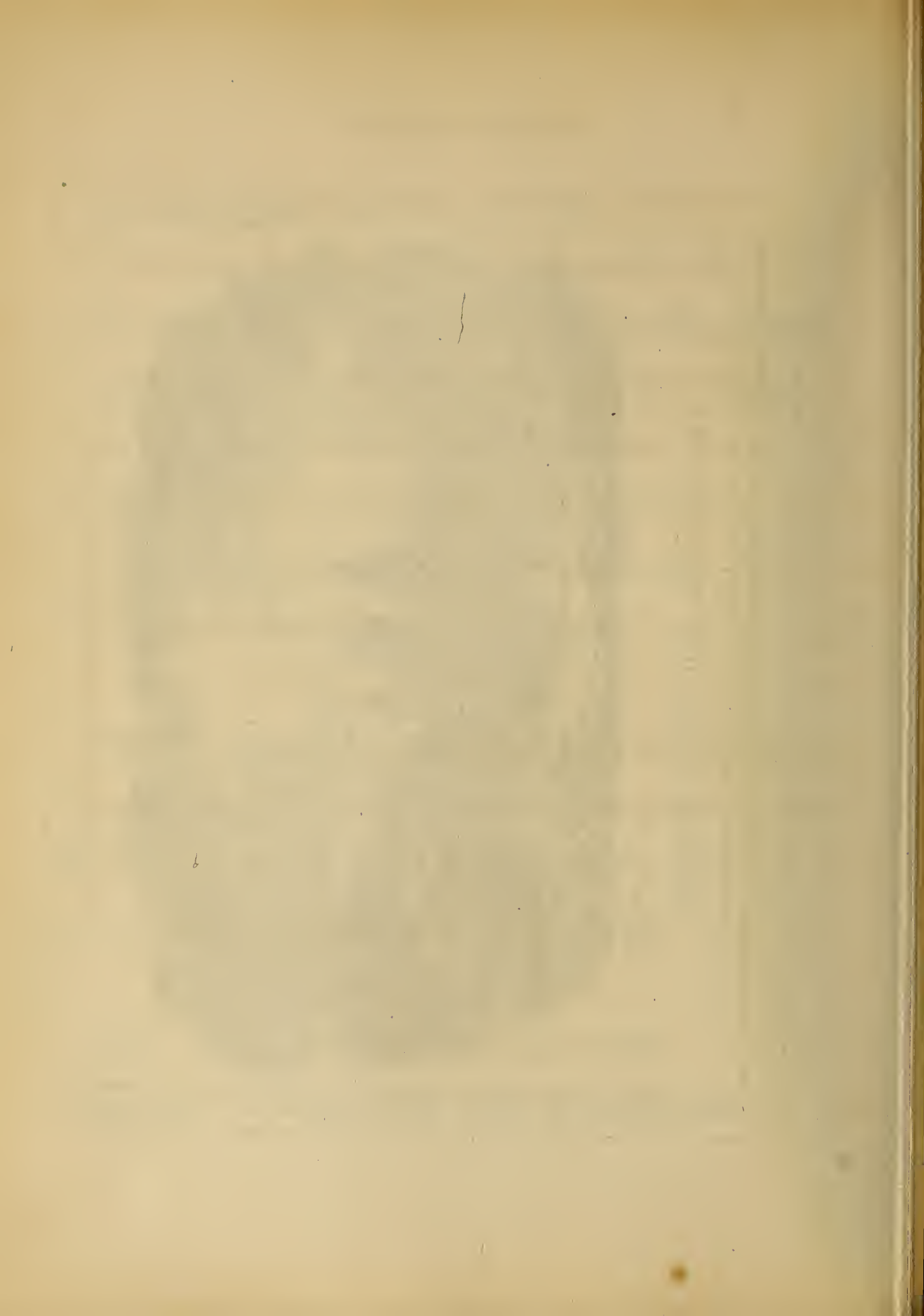


Dodd, D.,

Clenell, Sc.

## THE ROSETTE AND AMITY'S REGARD.

The author and two seamen escape shipwreck, and get onboard a Danish vessel, by means of the main boom, and arrived safe in the Texel.





Alas ! wild Ocean is become thy tomb,  
With half the wretched crew within thy womb.

Oh ! lost to shame ! what language do I hear ?  
Shall idle oaths insult th' Almighty's ear ?  
Misguided men ! are these the thanks ye pay  
For rescue from the perils of the sea ?  
Ungrateful remnant of a fated crew !  
In vain your brethren perish'd in your view ;  
In vain they fell, if ye not hail the Pow'r  
That sav'd your forfeit lives in that high hour.

O'er the wide deep the sacred mandate went,  
The winds were hush'd, and Ocean's fury spent ;  
The clouds no more in deluges descend,  
But with the waves their dreadful conflict end :

The languid lightnings now innoxious play,  
And harmless thunder distant rolls away.

'Tis calm, and Hope again in ev'ry breast  
Her seat resumes, (a Heav'n-deputed guest !)  
Gives us, so lately number'd with the dead,  
Once more to raise the self-devoted head ;  
And shews in distant view a prosp'rous life,  
The converse of the parent, friend, and wife !  
Thrice happy then ! Ah ! where would Fancy lead !  
Our wounds she heals, but soon again they bleed.  
Too flatt'ring hopes deceive my wish no more !  
Ye waves, if rolling to that happy shore,  
Waft there my sighs, in murmurs tell my woe,  
Receive my tears, and say how fast they flow !

Now thro' the saffron portals of the East  
The rising Sun erects his golden crest ;  
Resplendent issuing as a bridegroom gay,  
To our cheer'd souls announc'd returning Day ;  
When at his bright approach the sable Night,  
With all her train of horrors, took her flight ;  
The placid Ocean smil'd, her peace restor'd,  
And prostrate we the hand of Heav'n ador'd.

Now Neptune, smiling o'er the azure main,  
Uncurls his angry brow, and checks his rein ;  
His fiery steeds, obedient to the god,  
Compose their rage, and crouch beneath his rod ;  
The floating shell, the grand imperial car,  
Resplendent shone a glitt'ring silver star ;



Enthron'd in light the god majestic sate,  
His watry subjects crowd his throne of state ;  
The thunder ceas'd, the winds and waves were still,  
And peaceful Silence follow'd at his will.  
Such was the halcyon calm fair Nature chose,  
When Venus from the dimpled waters rose.

The sea god smil'd, the Tritons now draw near,  
With wonder gaze, and lend a list'ning ear.  
He waves his rod, quick from their humid caves  
The Nereids rise, exulting on the waves ;  
Adown their necks the golden ringlets flow,  
And wanton wave as gentle breezes blow ;  
One more majestic, and above the rest,  
The semblance of the goddess full express'd ;



With graceful step and blooming cheek, appears  
Another Venus, but of Hebe's years ;  
And such her features, shape, and graceful air,  
“ That midst the fairest she was still most fair ;”  
Her auburn hair in careless ringlets play'd,  
And o'er her snowy bosom cast a shade ;  
“ Where'er she moves the vassal waves are seen  
“ To yield obsequious, and confess their Queen.”

Some separate the waves, where softly glides  
The furrowing keel across the ocean tides ;  
In curling wreaths they gambol on the main,  
Now bound aloft, now plunge below again ;  
Then circling meet, and the light bark surround,  
While rings the air with the shrill clarion's sound.

In tuneful lays they hail the grand design,  
While Neptune's sons alternate praises join :  
Now hand in hand with playful joy they spring,  
And, with the Nereids join'd, in chorus sing.

1.

God of the seas ! thy potent voice  
Makes e'en the raging waves rejoice ;  
And one strong word of thy command  
Can sink them silent on the strand.

2.

But if a Moses wave thy rod,  
The sea divides, and owns its God ;  
The stormy floods their Maker know,  
And pass his chosen armies through.

3.

The scaly tribe, throughout the sea,  
A grateful tribute pay to thee ;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood  
Leaps up to hail the Sov'reign Good.

4.

The larger monsters of the deep  
On thy commands attendance keep ;  
By thy permission sport and play,  
And proudly cut their foaming way.

5.

If God his voice of tempest rears,  
Leviathan lies still and fears ;  
But soon uplifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

T

6.

Thy glorious pow'r is all ador'd  
Amidst the watry nations, Lord !  
Shall mariners refuse to raise,  
Bold men ! an anthem to thy praise ?

7.

While endless miracles they see,  
Shall they not tune a song to thee ?  
Shall they, while on the flood they ride,  
Forget the hand that smooths the tide ?

8.

Anon they plunge amidst the waves,  
And drink of death in watry graves ;  
Yet the surviving few blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescu'd them !

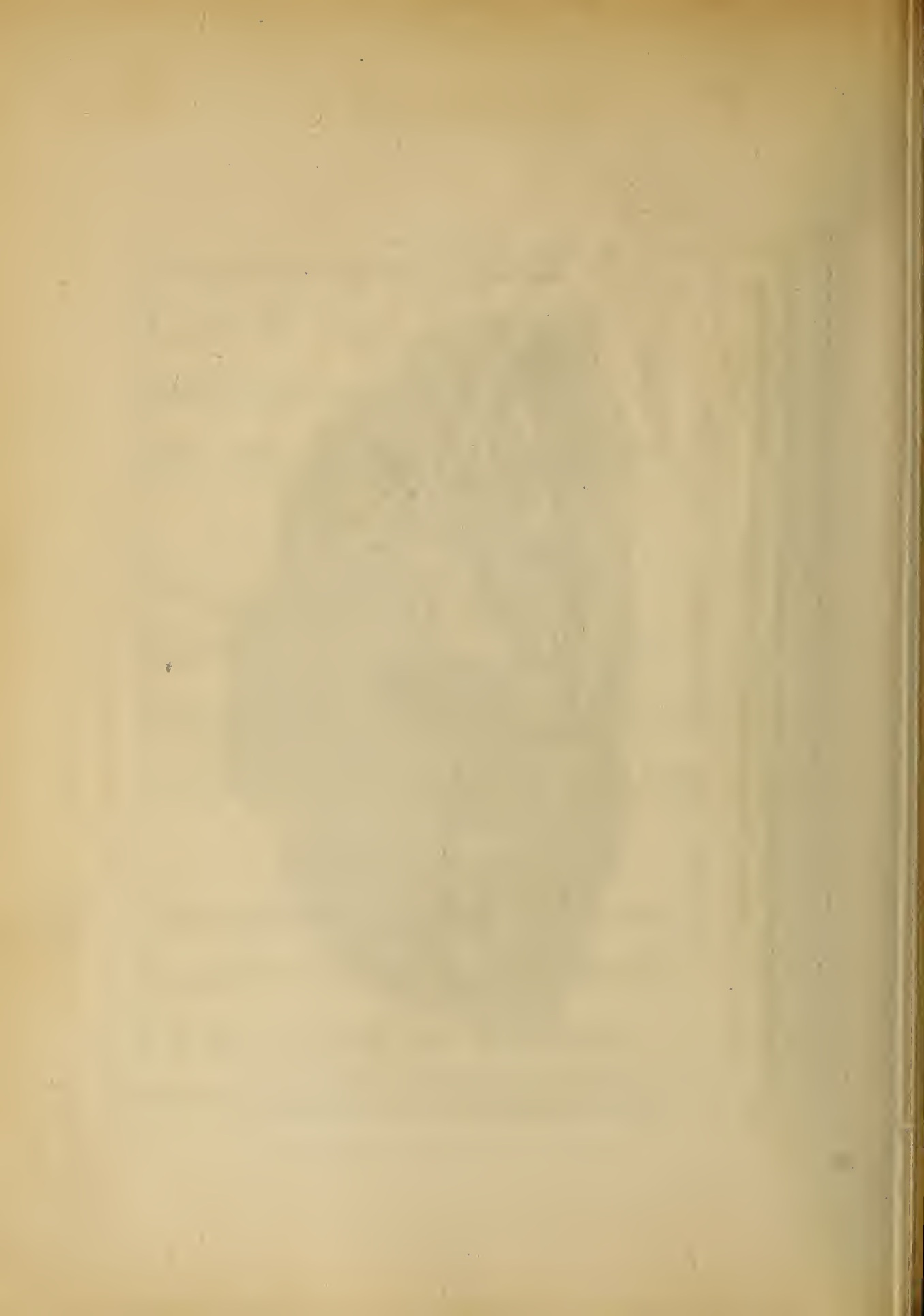




Timson, Del.

Branson, Sc.

NEPTUNE, AMPHITRITE, AND TRITONS.



9.

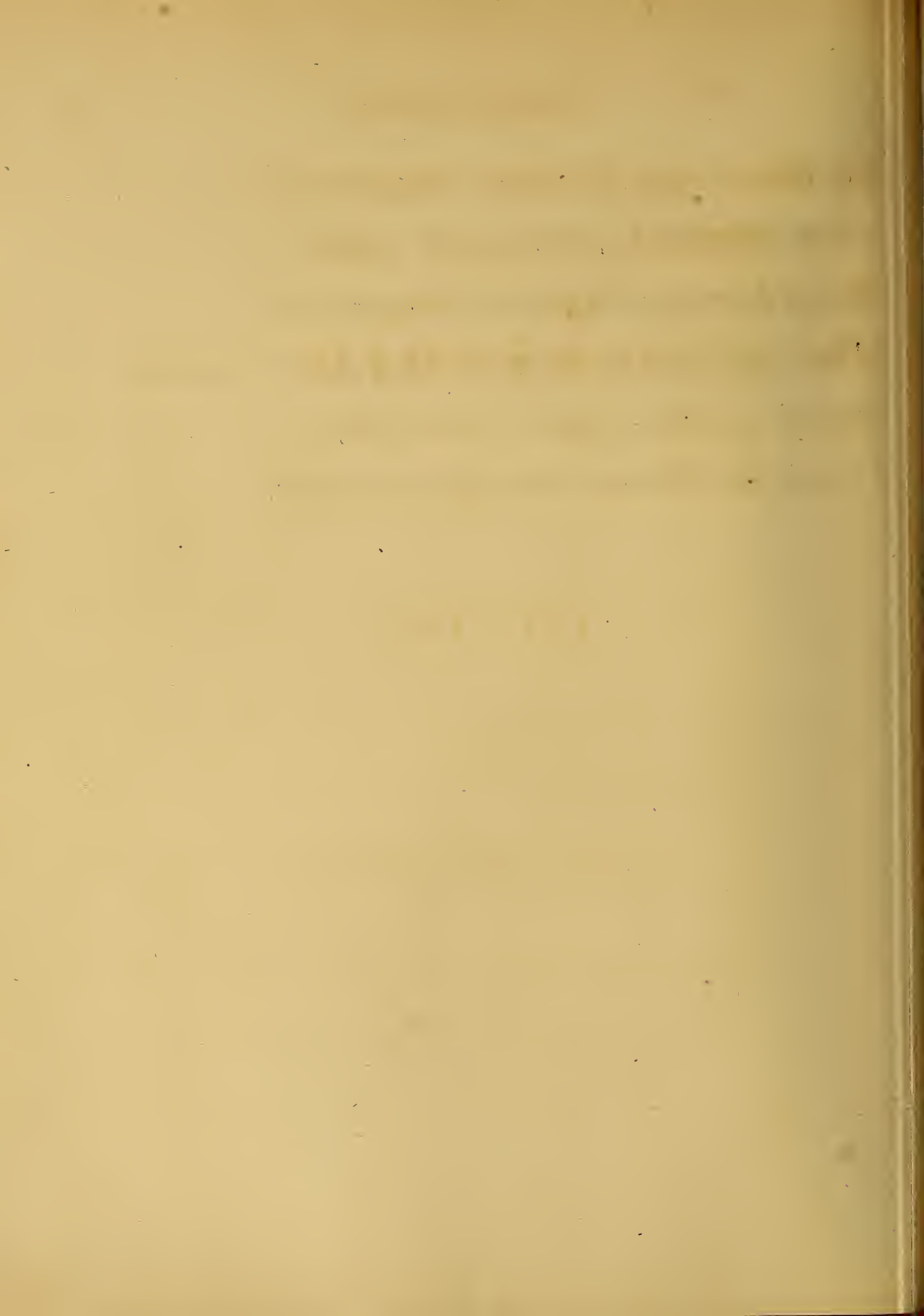
Lord, when thou giv'st the signal nod,  
And Nature trembles at her God,  
Have mercy, Lord, tho' men deny,  
Our weakness pity, Lord most high !

Soon Belgia's spires, emerging from the flood,  
Piercing the misty air, in prospect stood ;  
In friendly Mosa's spreading arms embrac'd,  
We soon forgot our toils and dangers past ;  
Our trusty anchors from the prow we throw,  
And joyful to the busy city go.  
Here safe beyond our hopes our vows we pay,  
To mighty Neptune, guardian of our way.

Oh! bring me to my Leonora's arms,  
Whose beauty gladdens, and whose virtue charms!  
Oh! snatch me swift from these tumult'ous scenes,  
To where love knows not what affliction means!  
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,  
And cheer with heav'nly rays our lonely cell!  
To where no ruffling winds, no raging seas,  
Disturb the Muse amid'st her bow'rs of ease!  
Unknown in public or in private strife,  
Soft sailing down the placid stream of life;  
Aw'd by no fears, or gnawing cares perplex'd,  
This life----my gentle passage----to the next!  
Yet if it please thee best, thou Pow'r Supreme,  
My bark to drive thro' life's more rapid stream;  
If low'ring storms my destin'd course attend,  
And billows rage, till my sad voyage end;



Let billows rage, let storms indignant roar,  
I bow submissive, and resign'd---adore !  
Resign'd, accept, in various changes try'd,  
What thou shalt grant, my anchor and my guide !  
Enough at last, if, thro' a sea of woes,  
I reach that Haven where the just repose.



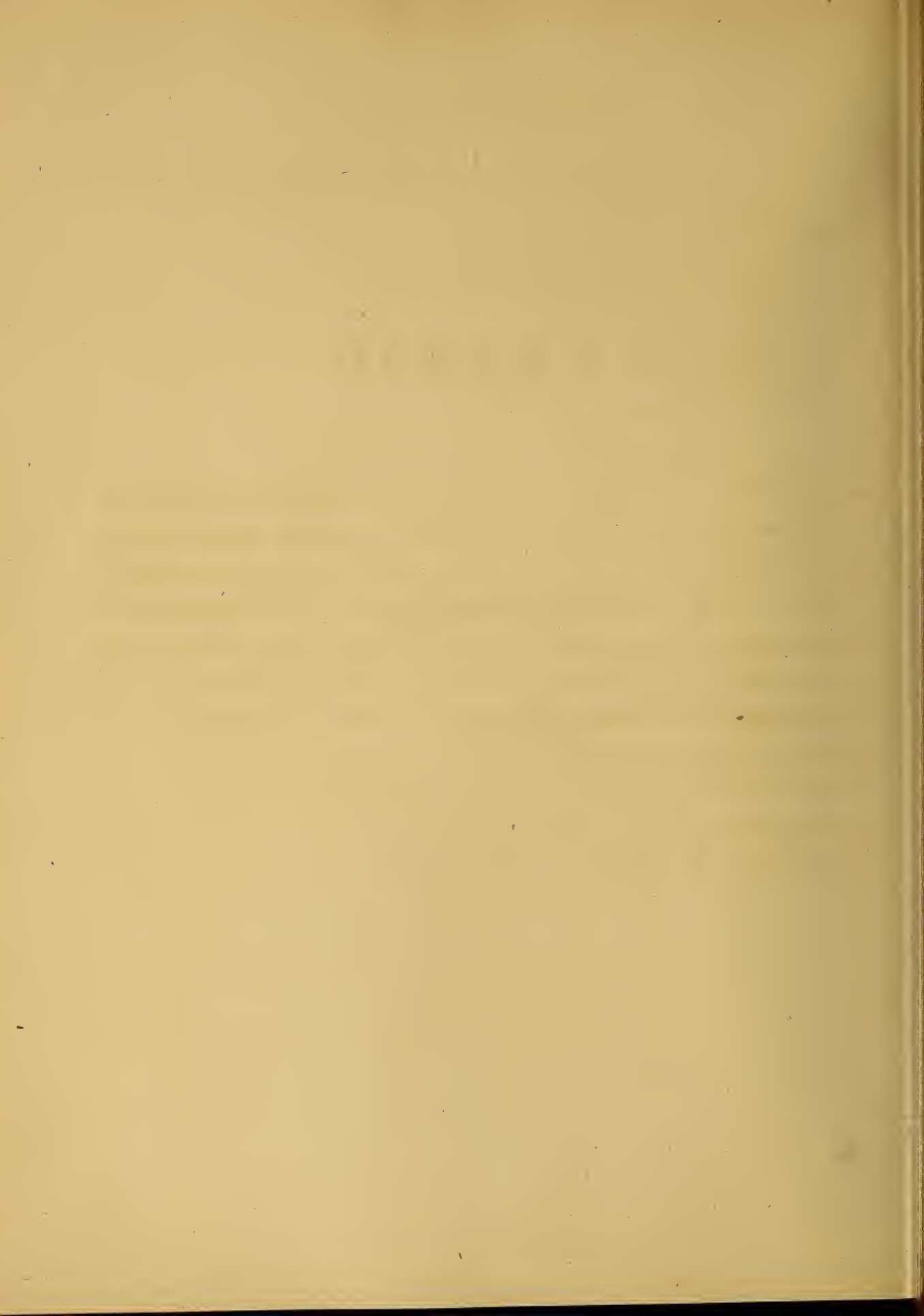
C Y N T H I O

TO

LEONORA.



*CANTO THE SECOND.*

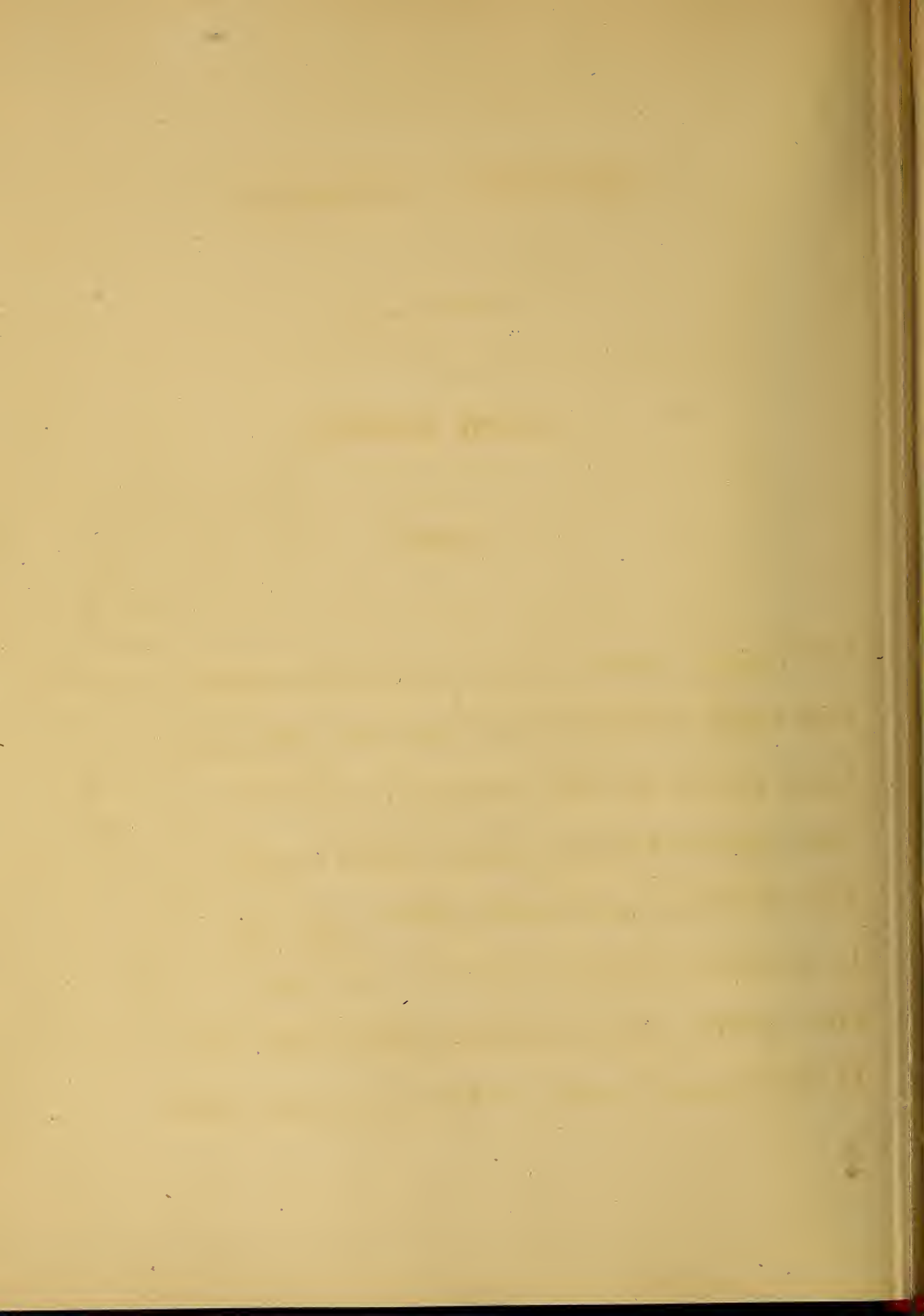




## ARGUMENT.

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*Appearance of the coast of Holland—Cynthio inquires, and, contrary to his wishes, finds, the East India fleet ready to sail—The pilot gives the signal for sailing—Take our departure from the Texel—Arrive in the Downs—Make the famous Pike of Teneriff—Observations on seeing and passing the Cape de Verd isles—Short description of the dolphin and flying fish—See the island of Fogo, so called from its having a volcano at the top of a mountain—Pass the island of Mayo—Cross the equator—Intolerable heat and succeeding calms—Get the trade winds, and see the Croziers, a constellation observed by voyagers on elevating the antarctic or southern pole—Saturday night, the manner of spending it—See the Cape birds, which indicate the proximity of the land—Heave to for soundings—The next morning see the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good-Hope—Arrive safe in Table-Bay—Reflections, &c.*



*CYNTHIO to LEONORA.*

---

*CANTO SECOND.*

---

ON Belgia's shores I view, with glad surprise,  
Fair fruits and flow'rs in beauteous order rise;  
From tree to tree the circling vine extends,  
And with its luscious clusters laden bends;  
The blooming peach and golden apple vie  
In beauteous tints, to win the roving eye;  
Here jasmine sheds perfume, and myrtles aid,  
With frequent boughs, to lend a fragrant shade.

Yet here, alas ! my cares are but begun,  
A longer, harder course is yet to run ;  
Anxious, I ask if India's annual fleet  
Is sped, and hope their distant course to greet ?  
But Fortune in her purpose still proceeds  
Against my hopes my latest search succeeds ;  
Bids me again pursue my life of pain,  
And drives me ling'ring to the boundless main.  
And now the watchful pilot rose to spy  
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky,  
And listen if a breath of air pass'd by. }  
He marks the stars, and notes their various course,  
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watry force ;  
And both the Bears is careful to behold,  
And bright Orion, star of burnish'd gold ;



And when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,  
But a sure promise of a settled sky,  
He gave the sign to weigh ; we rouse from sleep,  
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.

Aurora now, in golden robes array'd,  
With rosy hand dispels the nightly shade ;  
Soft zephyrs gently shake the trembling leaves,  
The rippling surge with playful motion heaves ;  
O'er the slow-rising flood bright sun-beams play,  
The tuneful choir resound their morning lay ;  
Here the sweet lark, upheld so high in air,  
That her shrill strains scarce reach the list'ning ear ;  
And here the bullfinch, whose mellifluous throat  
With soothing softness mellows ev'ry note ;

The thrush, the blackbird, and the linnet vie  
In all the sounds of Nature's melody ;  
The cooing stock-dove stimulates the grove  
With the soft language of impatient love :  
In mutual joy their choral powers unite,  
To fill the soul with transport and delight ;  
While pensive Philomela pours along  
Th' enchanting sweetness of her plaintive song ;  
All Nature's hush'd, not e'en the Zephyr's breeze  
Disturbs her rest, or shakes the trembling trees.

Adieu ! ye vocal songsters of the grove,  
Ye but recal to mind my absent love ;  
Like you each morn, at break of cheerful day,  
She chants the unpremeditated lay ;

More sweet, more various were her pleasing strains,  
Than flow'rets scatter'd o'er untrodden plains ;  
More charming too than all the choir of spring ;  
She sung so sweet, methinks she still doth sing.  
Oft to my eyes her lovely form appears,  
And, hark ! her voice soft warbles in mine ears !  
'Tis fancy all, and now that fancy dies,  
Nor joy, nor Leonora glads my eyes.

Borne from the Texel, Albion's cliffs we gain,  
Where her fair Downs exhaustless wealth contain ;  
To Dover's chalky heights my sight I bend,  
And my last look to thee and Britain send ;  
For constant now the eastern breezes blow,  
And oceans wide beneath our passage flow.

The moon propitious sheds her silver ray,  
And guides our flight pacific o'er the sea.  
For shipwrecks fam'd, Mount Teneriff we spy,  
Known by its tow'ring peak that braves the sky ;  
Far off we hear the billows hoarser sound  
Invade the rocks ; the rocks their groans rebound ;  
The wide waves float upon the yielding sand,  
And roll the dusky tide o'er all the strand.

The isles we pass, by ancient poets sung,  
When Nature bloom'd, for Nature then was young ;  
Where Truth and Justice held their social reign,  
And Happiness possess'd the peaceful plain.  
Far diff'rent now these alter'd scenes appear,  
By Superstition aw'd, and sway'd by Fear.



Remembrance of our friends goes round,  
“ Mistress and wife” in song resound ;  
Whilst Prudence guides our temp’rate joys,  
And decent Mirth our time employs.  
I never felt the stern desire  
Of life to damp the social fire,  
But once the angel Temp’rance gone,  
And Riot lords it on her throne ;  
When god-like Reason’s put to flight,  
Banish’d that intellectual light,  
I curse the folly of the night.  
With pity, but with horror, view  
Th’ excesses o’th’ Circean crew.  
Behold thy picture, wretched sot,  
Imprinted ne’er to be forgot !

Deform'd each human feature trace,  
With riot stain'd that bloated face !  
The legs unable to sustain  
The body's weight ! that muddled brain  
Surcharg'd with fumes, and madly brave,  
Would combat with the swelling wave !  
Read, read ! as in a mirror scan,  
Then ask thyself, " can this be man ? "

Now turn we from this loathsome sight,  
To objects in the view more bright ;  
A prosp'rous wind, and, by account,  
Again two hundred miles th' amount ;  
The Cape we must be drawing near,  
Sure omen ! flights of birds appear !

And, hark ! direction's giv'n to sound,  
To find if in our reach the ground.  
Here our anxiety !----the crew,  
Elate with expectation new,  
Eager to know, they crowd the deck,  
And hardly bear the captain's check.  
The fair-ones too, with hope on fire,  
Impatient to confirm desire,  
“ What's the event ?----Well, be it so !”  
Admit we've found no ground below,  
Sufficient still of sea remains,  
To-morrow may requite our pains.

At length the long-expected birds appear,  
The joyful seamen cry “ the Cape is near !”

Nor vain their hope ; with the returning ray  
The Table's fleecy summit we survey ;  
To the eternal mound my sight I bend,  
And view fair Afric's far-projecting end.  
All sails we crowd to reach the friendly bay,  
And lose on shore the labors of the sea ;  
Scarce the leaves rustle in the spicy breeze,  
A halcyon calmness broods along the seas ;  
Deck'd seems the world as on its natal day,  
And ev'ry face, alas ! but mine, is gay.

Oh ! beauteous maid, of ev'ry charm possess'd  
That wins the soul or captivates the breast !  
As virgin snow-drop, or the lily fair,  
Thy balmy breath perfumes the ambient air !



In vain for them the gen'rous vintage flows,  
The citron blossoms, and the orange glows ;  
Not all the fragrant stores their vales impart,  
Can raise the servile native's drooping heart.  
'Tis Liberty alone exalts the mind,  
Known to that isle so lately left behind.

Advancing still, new latitudes we gain,  
The constant breezes still the sails maintain ;  
New objects o'er the azure flood surprise,  
And various landscapes deck the distant skies.  
Here the dorado, springing from the wave,  
Elastic tries the wings which Nature gave ;  
Bright in the sun his florid beauties glow,  
While flying he eludes his watry foe.

Now Fogo's vapor rising from afar,  
The eye pursues the visionary star ;  
With streaming light the fierce volcano gleams,  
Far spreading o'er the deep its ruddy beams.

By Mayo's rocky coast we safely run,  
Where the salt harvest ripens to the sun ;  
Still the brave vessel flies before the wind,  
And soon the less'ning spots are left behind.

But now the Line its torrid influence shows,  
The sky turns gloomy, and the ocean glows ;  
Along the heavens the murky vapors brood,  
Eclipse the day, and darken all the flood.  
No gentle airs allay the sultry heat,  
While Nature droops beneath the sick'ning weight ;

The breath grows short, the heart but feebly plays,  
And the dim orb of light forgets to blaze.

At length the slumb'ring combination breaks,  
The lightning kindles, and the storm awakes ;  
The assembled winds from ev'ry quarter roar,  
The bursting skies a liquid deluge pour.

Hence in our fears conceal'd our safety lies,  
Borne by the tempest from these faithless skies ;  
The gentle gales return, the heav'ns are bright,  
And the fair Croziers hail the gladden'd sight.

Now more direct our southern line we trace,  
And plough secure the vast Atlantic space.

For days I hang suspended o'er the prow,  
Thoughtful of Albion, widely distant now ;  
As oft at night the lovers' vigils keep,  
Thy image tracing on the shining deep.

Alas ! what equal object can I find  
To soothe the loss of all I left behind ?  
Ill may'st thou think thy Cynthio's temper suits  
To live with Dutchmen, emulating brutes.

Shunning tumultuous, frantic noise,  
No friend to Bacchanalian joys,  
In silence hitherto I've pass'd  
A custom to be nam'd at last.  
After the labors of the week,  
Th' industrious man will gladly seek,  
By relaxation, to unbend  
The mind, and hasten to a friend.  
Each Saturday a nightly treat  
With us, as if on shore you'll meet ;



Sweet as the western breeze from jasmine bow'rs,  
Exhaling odors from a thousand flow'rs !  
But why with things inanimate combine  
Thy radiant beauties, charms almost divine ?  
By Fancy led thy image I pursue,  
“ In my mind's eye” thy virtues I review.  
I gaze half frantic on thy winning charms,  
And long to clasp the phantom in my arms ;  
With rapture dwell upon thy blushing cheek,  
As thy bright eyes with soft expression speak.  
In artless ringlets on thy polish'd brow,  
Thy locks resemble shadows on the snow ;  
Thy features, fill'd with majesty and grace  
Conjoin'd, of beauty's queen display the face.

Ah ! let me still imagine that I hear  
The pleasing accents murmur in my ear ;  
Accents which speak the virtues of the mind,  
With all the gifts of innocence combin'd !  
I gaze, and wish, till my fond soul for thee  
Throbs in my breast, and flutters to be free.  
Virtue, celestial Virtue, gives a charm,  
And shields her votaries from ev'ry harm ;  
From youth draws rev'rence to the hoary head,  
On which distress untimely snow has shed ;  
Endears the youth to venerable age,  
And binds th' unletter'd truant to the sage ;  
Makes discord harmony, and oft supplies  
Bonds of affection strong as Nature's ties.  
“ But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,  
“ Resistless on the view the glory streams ;

“ Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,

“ And beauty dazzles with angelic charms.”

Now glowing gems the eastern skies adorn,  
And joyful Nature hails the op'ning morn ;  
From Afric's point the goddess bids me sing  
Elysian fields, an ever-blooming spring !  
While curious seamen range the lofty wood,  
Climb up the steep, or wander near the flood ;  
Or, as they devious tread th' od'rous plain,  
And lose the tedious hazards of the main,  
Pensive the far-fam'd garden I explore,  
Where Earth, all-teeming, sheds her plenteous store !  
Less fair the fam'd inclosures sung of old,  
By dragons kept, and rich with living gold.

On flow'rs in Europe yet unseen I tread,  
And trees of wond'rous growth wave o'er my head ;  
The produce here of ev'ry clime is known,  
This gen'rous soil adopts them as her own ;  
Vig'rous the vegetable tribes appear,  
And plants, like nations, grow familiar here.

Around its soft perfume the citron throws,  
There thro' the gloom the rich pom'granate glows ;  
The golden orange next attracts the view,  
The paler lime succeeds with sickly hue ;  
There the blue fig the purpling grape entwines,  
And with the rose the Persian jasmine joins ;  
Here tow'rs with native grace the slender palm,  
The weeping shrub beneath distils with balm.



Lo ! the green Aloe rears her prickly head,  
And the dark Cypress forms a friendly shade ;  
The Cocoa there reclines her cluster'd stores,  
And to the taste her milky nectar pours.  
Here, first of fruits ! the rich Anana swells,  
And in delicious taste the rest excels ;  
While thousand birds, of various form and sound,  
Diffuse luxuriant harmony around.

Here choicest gifts that kindest suns bestow,  
Blush on the ground, or on the branches glow ;  
The teeming trees both fruits and blossoms bear,  
At once to please the taste, and scent the air ;  
Pomona here her ev'ry boon might cull,  
And Eve another Eden's apple pull.

Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,  
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here Flora smiling sees her offspring vie,  
To spread their beauties to the vernal sky ;  
Tho' erst her fleeting race reclin'd and dead,  
At her command they rise and wave their head ;  
Her earliest care, the virgin lilies blow,  
And strew the vales with vegetable snow ;  
The bright carnation and the fragrant rose,  
Their charms, refresh'd with heavenly dews, disclose ;  
Th' unfading Am'ranth rears her purple dye,  
Nor yields to that which paints the morning sky.  
Here od'rous flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,  
Unknown the hand of Art, spontaneous grew.

Industrious bees on richest banquets feed,  
And drink the nectar from the inmost seed :  
While down the craggy rocks and verdant hills,  
From Nature's fountains gush a thousand rills ;  
Thro' many a grateful shade they murm'ring go,  
To mingle with the swelling streams below,  
Which thro' this second Paradise for ever flow.

The golden fish, array'd in gorgeous pride,  
Reflects the sun-beam on the limpid tide ;  
Behold him there his lovely form unfold,  
His glowing sides bedeck'd with burnish'd gold !  
Here the wing'd choir, that cleave the yielding air,  
With artful toil their procreant cradles rear,  
Here tend their young, and ply the parent's part,  
Oh ! shame to man ! with more than parent's heart ;

While, lightly perch'd upon a neighb'ring spray,  
Each faithful mate attunes the nuptial lay.  
Not brighter colours paint the ariel bow,  
Than grace their wings, and on their plumage glow.

From lofty branches, hark ! the am'rous dove  
Melodious murmurs o'er her tales of love ;  
Amidst the stillness of the drowsy night,  
Soft dying strains th' enraptur'd ear invite ;  
While Philomela pensive pours along  
Th' enchanting sweetness of her love-sick song !  
All Nature charm'd in silence drinks the strain,  
And fault'ring Echo scarce replies again.

No truant school-boy here advent'rous roves  
Thro' the thick windings of these happy groves ;



With impious hand, a sacrilege unknown  
To Afric's sons, in this benignant zone ;  
Nor does the rod restrain the giddy boy,  
'Tis Nature's gentler voice forbids destroy ;  
He's taught that cruel, unrelenting souls  
Inhabit climes beneath the distant poles ;  
Forbid it, Heav'n, they glance at Albion's isle,  
That favor'd land, where all the graces smile !

Not mine, alas ! the warm poetic lay,  
To paint the beauties which these scenes display ;  
Where by the stream the spreading Banians bow  
Their pendent branches ; these take root and grow  
Around the parent trunk, and far and wide  
Extend their arms, uniting either side.

Here sire and progeny familiar join,  
And in one kind embrace for ever twine.  
Behold a stately pile incessant rise,  
In verdant pomp aspiring to the skies ;  
Within a lofty pillar'd shade is seen,  
Hung round with chaplets of unfading green,  
Th' umbrageous leafy vault above, below  
Th' imprison'd riv'lets, murm'ring as they flow !

Here the tir'd archer finds a safe retreat,  
A welcome shelter from the noon-tide heat ;  
Here prone reclines, or haply seeks to cool  
His sable limbs amid the crystal pool ;  
While gentle Zephyr, from his fragrant wing,  
Sheds ev'ry odor of the nascent spring ;

In safety here he tastes each breeze that plays,  
Till Sol descending shoots obliquer rays.

Methinks I see, rise from his oozy bed,  
With verdant willows deck'd his hoary head,  
The river god, on silver moss reclin'd,  
His humid tresses waving in the wind ;  
Slow rising on a flow'ry bank he sate,  
The naiads crowd, and on his nod await.

Lo ! slowly sailing on the passing tide,  
The stately swan moves on in conscious pride ;  
In spotless lustre deck'd and bright array,  
“ Like some fair virgin on her bridal day ;”  
More brilliant white her lovely plumage shows,  
More dazzling to the sight than winter's snows.

Behold ! with eye intent and solemn pace,  
The fisher-stork pursues the finny race.  
Flamingos gay, whose robes, of various dye,  
With Juno's birds in brightest colors vie ;  
These and a thousand tenants of the grove  
Inhabit here, and in full safety rove.  
No fowler here his subtle art employs,  
No European glutton here destroys !  
Here Freedom reigns----the universal cry,  
The general hail, " Increase and multiply !"

The verdant pastures far extended lie,  
And yield the grazing herd a rich supply.  
Long may thy stately race the lords remain,  
Half-reas'ning elephant, of this wide plain !



On yon fat herbage lusty bullocks feed,  
And ah ! devouring man, for thee they bleed !  
In these deep shades the deer untroubled stray,  
And the sly apes their mimic gambols play ;  
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble roe,  
And goats, on pendent rocks, elude the foe ;  
While the wild horse, impatient of the rein,  
Indignant snorts, and scours the vast champaign ;  
At length the stream he seeks, with heat oppress'd,  
And cools the fervor of his panting breast.

Couldst thou, my love, in these blest fields appear,  
Enchanted were the spot, and Eden here ;  
Unmov'd I run the soft delusion o'er,  
And sigh in anguish for Britannia's shore.

What tho' the land in beauteous garb appears,  
And Nature all her loveliest aspect wears ;  
Yet still her charms with sick'ning eyes I see,  
Untasted as they pass, and lost on me !  
No joys they yield, no pleasing traces leave,  
For what is Paradise without my Eve ?

On Afric's bank, recumbent in the shade,  
Fill'd with the heav'nly prospect, thus I said :  
“ Oh ! Art, how poor is all thy vaunted skill !  
“ In vain the bird of Jove shall lend his quill ;  
“ Ye who with Nature on the canvass vie,  
“ Whose magic labors charm the wond'ring eye,  
“ Say, can ye trace the beauties of the stream,  
“ Or paint th' effulgence of the solar beam ?

- “ How faint your tint to yonder vivid green !  
“ How weak your touch to feign the living scene !  
“ Those rugged, massive rocks of hoary hue,  
“ Those gently-rising hills of sober blue,  
“ Those wild cascades, whence thickest vapors fly,  
“ Those cloud-capt mountains, mingling with the sky !  
“ Could Claude himself, with all his boasted art,  
“ The charms of this fair scene at once impart ?  
“ Could Poussin’s pencil trace the middle ground,  
“ Where rocks arise, and swelling torrents sound ?  
“ Add Titian’s magic tint, and Guido’s air,  
“ Correggio’s artless grace, and Rubens’ care ;  
“ Angelic Michael here, immortal Raphael there !”

Yet far from me t’arraign the pow’r of Art,  
She who at once can raise and mend the heart !

Rude and untaught the savage Indians roam  
From cave to cave, nor find a peaceful home ;  
Unknown to all the charities of life,  
Expert alone in wild unsocial strife ;  
Strangers to all the comforts of the mind,  
All that or graces or endears mankind ;  
Superior only to the brutal race,  
And all their knowledge but the wild to trace !

Look forward ! see the cultivated fields,  
Compare with these what fallow Nature yields !  
Behold yon proud imperial spires arise,  
Whose lofty summits emulate the skies !  
The winding bay, with waving streamers crown'd,  
And all the pride of commerce spread around !



The force of Art this wide creation shows,  
To her e'en Nature's self her bounty owes ;  
For Art is Nature from all dross refin'd,  
The pure effulgence of the heavenly Mind.

Now length'ning shadows speak decline of day,  
And sober Twilight, in her mantle grey,  
O'erspreads the fading land and silver main,  
And drowsy Night resumes her murky reign ;  
Save where the flies of fire their lamp illumine,  
And shed a show'r of sparks across the gloom.

Forth from their dens, impatient of delay,  
The savage monsters prowl in search of prey :  
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,  
The wild his own, all nature is his food ;

He rears his mane, and rolls his fiery eyes,  
At his approach the boldest rival flies ;  
He roars----the desert trembles wide around,  
And the far-distant hills repeat the sound ;  
The quarry seiz'd, the tawny tyrant sped,  
The lesser murd'ers riot in his stead :  
The bloody panther and the ruthless pard,  
And all the cries of rapine now are heard.

Mysterious Providence ! thy ways are just,  
Beyond our ken, weak reptiles of the dust !  
Lo ! the green serpent, from her dark abode,  
Ascends the branch that overhangs the road,  
And, gath'ring up her train, collected lies  
In spiral orbs, and rolls her glaring eyes !

In wait she lies upon the secret spray,  
Then darts destruction on the heedless prey ;  
When gorg'd with food in vain she tries to rise,  
And falls herself in turn a sacrifice.

The nightly prowlers, at approaching day,  
Fly to their dens, and scour in haste away ;  
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,  
Springs joyful to his toil from downy rest.

“ Hail ! Sov'reign Goodness ! all-productive Mind !  
“ On all thy works Thyself inscrib'd we find !  
“ How diff'rent all ! how variously endow'd !  
“ How great their number ! and each part how good !  
“ How perfect then does the great Parent shine,  
“ Who, with one act of energy divine,  
“ Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design !”



Where'er the pious search my thoughts pursue,  
Unbounded Goodness opens to my view !  
Nor does our world alone its influence share,  
Exhaustless bounty and unwearied care  
Extend thro' all th' infinitude of space,  
And circle Nature with a wide embrace ;  
The teeming wonders of the deep below,  
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show ;  
Here various beings without number stray,  
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play ;  
Leviathan, the mightiest of the train,  
Enormous swims incumbent on the main,  
And foams, and sports, unrivall'd in his reign !  
All these thy watchful Providence supplies,  
To thee alone they turn imploring eyes ;



For all thou open'st thy benignant store,  
'Till Nature satisfy'd, demands no more.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame  
Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;  
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne  
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn ;  
The latest star shall hear the grateful sound,  
And Nature in full chorus join around :  
When, full of thee, my soul excursive flies  
Thro' earth, thro' ocean, or the vaulted skies ;  
From world to world, new wonders still I find,  
And all the Godhead bursts upon my mind !

Alas ! that heart is sunk which once was gay,  
And Pleasure's syren dreams are fled away ;

No scenes amuse me that amus'd before,  
And what delighted once, can please no more.  
Where are the lenient med'cines to impart  
Their balmy virtue to a bleeding heart !  
Fruitless are all attempts to find relief,  
No cordial here that can allay my grief !  
So strong my anguish, so severe my pain,  
Weak is philosophy, and reason vain ;  
Attempts to curb, but make my passion glow,  
Quicken each pang, and point the sting of woe ;  
Imagination labors still in vain,  
While darkling clouds intoxicate the brain :  
Fancy no sweet ideas can suggest  
To lull the raging tumult of my breast ;  
In vain or mirth invites, or friendship calls,  
Wit dies a jest, and conversation palls ;

Nature and Art supply fresh springs of care,  
And each obtruding thought creates despair !

The budding plants of variegated hue,  
The blossoms op'ning with the morning dew ;  
The vernal breeze that gently fans the bow'rs,  
The meadows smiling through refreshing show'rs ;  
Th' enamell'd garden, where the works of Art  
Give strength to Nature, and fresh charms impart ;  
Where gaudy flow'rs and fruits for ever bloom,  
Rich in array, and pregnant with perfume ;  
All, all in vain with charms united glow,  
To deck the scene and gild the face of Woe :  
E'en when the morning lark ascending sings,  
While joy attunes his voice, and plumes his wings,





And each succeeding day is like the past,  
And still I wish the next may be my last ;  
Come then, kind Death, thy sharpest steel prepare,  
Here point thy dart, and snatch me from despair !

When lo ! a vision, high in ambient air,  
Cries, " Faith's my name ; I charge thee to forbear !  
" Vile impious wretch ! how dar'st thou to complain,  
" And thus high Heav'n's just attributes arraign ?  
" Henceforth beware, thy plaintive strains suppress,  
" With Christian Patience learn to acquiesce ;  
" Th' instructive voice of Reason calmly hear,  
" And let Religion check the flowing tear :  
" At what the will of Providence assigns,  
" 'Tis Infidelity alone repines."

Thus spoke the voice, while I with fear oppress'd  
And guilt, reclin'd my head upon my breast ;  
The goddess, drawing near, again address'd  
Her speech more mild, in accent soft express'd :  
“ The wise, who trust in God, disdain to grieve,  
“ And what their Father sends, content receive ;  
“ His sharp corrections testify his love,  
“ And choicest blessings in the end will prove ;  
“ He sees how man would err without control,  
“ He wounds the body, but to heal the soul,  
“ And, by chastising part, preserves the whole. }  
“ Hence, tho' dark low'ring skies and angry gales  
“ Conspire to raise the storm, and rend the sails ;  
“ Yet, if calm Reason at the helm preside,  
“ Thy little bark shall stem both wind and tide,

“ And adverse currents shall at length convey

“ Thy shatter’d vessel to the realms of day.”

Thus, taught by Faith, how rash it is, and vain,  
For man, for dust and ashes, to complain ;  
My soul, with meek disquietude oppress’d,  
Directs her flight to Heav’n in search of rest,  
And refuge takes (which endless joy will bring)  
Beneath the shadow of th’ Almighty’s wing !  
On him I fix my hope, and place my trust ;  
On him, for ever wise, for ever just !  
And should indulgence suit not his designs,  
Who evil into happiness refines,  
Let due submission make my burden light,  
And may I think “ whatever is, is right !”



Thus the free bird, when ravish'd from the skies,  
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,  
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,  
With fond remembrance of his distant mate ;  
'Till, grown familiar with a foreign train,  
Resign'd at last the captive pours his strain.

But now th' untutor'd natives of these plains  
Demand my song, uncouth and barb'rous swains !  
Scarce human form the squalid figures boast,  
Within, the mental spark in darkness lost !  
Naked, they stare around with wild grimace,  
Filth is their ornament, their cov'ring grease !  
When round their limbs the recent hide they throw,  
'Tis garbage makes the Hottentot a beau !



The sooty nymph, with equal trimmings sweet,  
The entrail bracelet dangling to her feet ;  
No shades the flying savage can conceal,  
The lover finds her in the tainted gale ;  
Sues the kind maid his longings to remove,  
And ease at once his hunger and his love !  
Love, did I say ? alas ! the flame to them  
Is but the lustre of a worthless gem :  
No mental pangs, no fierce desires they know,  
No fancy'd joys, no visionary woe !  
The Hottentot on Nature's bounty lives,  
And knows no wants but those which instinct gives ;  
In nights of ignorance his moments steal,  
While knowledge heightens ev'ry pain we feel :  
His ready banquet furnish'd from the wood,  
His thirst abated from the neighb'ring flood ;

Content with cheap-bought happiness at home,  
He pities us in search of wealth who roam ;  
Nor would exchange the ease he has in view  
For all the mines of India or Peru.

Yet tho' these clouds that veil the darken'd mind,  
Pierces th' eternal ray that lurks behind ;  
Benighted Reason shews her secret force,  
Dawns in the look, and guides the wild discourse :  
The thoughtful savage upward turns his eye,  
And points to Him that rules beyond the sky ;  
Oft grateful to the stars of Heav'n appears,  
The Sun that warms him, and his body cheers ;  
But chief the \* Moon, in which is well express'd  
The fainter beam that lights his gloomy breast.

\* The Hottentots pay a religious veneration to the Moon.

So pass my days in unenjoy'd delight,  
Absent from thee, so flies the cheerless night ;  
When, crown'd by mirth, appears the social bowl,  
And the rich Capian grape dilates the soul ;  
No pleasure I, nor joy, from wine can taste,  
Love makes the cordial useless to my rest :  
In musing wrapt----e'en Belgic wits I see  
Unmov'd, for Laughter flies at thought of thee !

But, while I write, the fatal sounds invade ;  
The cannon warns ; behold the signal made !  
Like kindred waves the busy sailors roar,  
And call the loit'ers off for India's shore ;  
Distant too far, yet farther must I rove  
From Leonora, whom alone I love !

How could I sound the cruel word----“ Adieu !”  
Think what it cost me, for I still am true :  
Were I thro’ all the peopled earth to range,  
My heart would still be thine, nor own a change ;  
Affection guides the motions of my soul,  
As the sure needle trembles to the pole ;  
On thee depends the fortune of my life,  
And evil flies the man who calls thee wife.

The Fates appeas’d shall yet thy goodness see,  
And for thy husband’s sake will pity me ;  
At last will give my wearied footsteps rest,  
And bless me with the pow’r to make thee blest !  
In that fair hope I ev’ry danger dare ;  
Thy image is the talisman I wear !



A charm, beyond the magic force of art,  
Mix'd with my soul, and treasur'd in my heart.

Nor thou, chaste fair, to Providence unjust,  
Repine, but in its wise decisions trust !  
Not those, to whom the cup of joy is giv'n,  
Alone are blest, alone the care of Heav'n ;  
Those happier oft, in its unerring eye,  
Whom pride disdainful views, and passes by ;  
To whom assign'd the nobler task belongs,  
Of Virtue struggling with surrounding wrongs.  
Grateful the pledges of our love survey,  
Think these are sent to chase thy griefs away ;  
Give place to Hope, with each renew'd caress,  
Let the fond triflers soothe thy soul's distress.

E'er yet the fault'ring tongue is touch'd by art,  
Observe their tender thoughts, and frame the heart;  
Their ways direct, their rising manners mould,  
Give them thy truth, a treasure more than gold!  
So when that Pow'r, who rules the fate of men,  
Shall bring me safe to thy dear arms again;  
That happy day shall ev'ry grief efface,  
And ev'ry sorrow fly in thy embrace;  
Each toil, each danger, shall be doubly paid,  
And Life's calm ev'ning set without a shade!

To soothe my grief I took a sylvan reed,  
And carv'd on Banian's bark the lover's creed:  
Remembrance dear presents thy vows to me,  
And wakes my muse to tune a song to thee:

Forget me not, tho' Fate's decree  
Has torn me from thy bosom,  
And duty calls me far from thee,  
Beyond the Eastern Ocean !  
My soul shall smile at human grief,  
Or ills that may beset me,  
While this fond hope my bosom cheers,  
That, tho' between us billows roll,  
Thy fetter'd soul,  
Releas'd by Love's resistless pow'r,  
Will sometimes stray  
The pledge to pay,  
Thou gav'st me in the parting hour,  
That thou would'st ne'er forget me.

Forget me not, when festive Joy  
Dispels each trace of Sorrow,  
When sparkling Mirth your hours employ,  
One pensive moment borrow,  
To trace the happy hours we've pass'd,  
The scenes where oft you met me ;  
Where, as your lips I warmly press'd,  
And on them breath'd a burning kiss,  
Trembling with bliss,  
I felt your glowing pulse beat high,  
And in your eyes  
Saw Pity rise,  
When, with a broken fault'ring sigh,  
You swore you'd ne'er forget me.



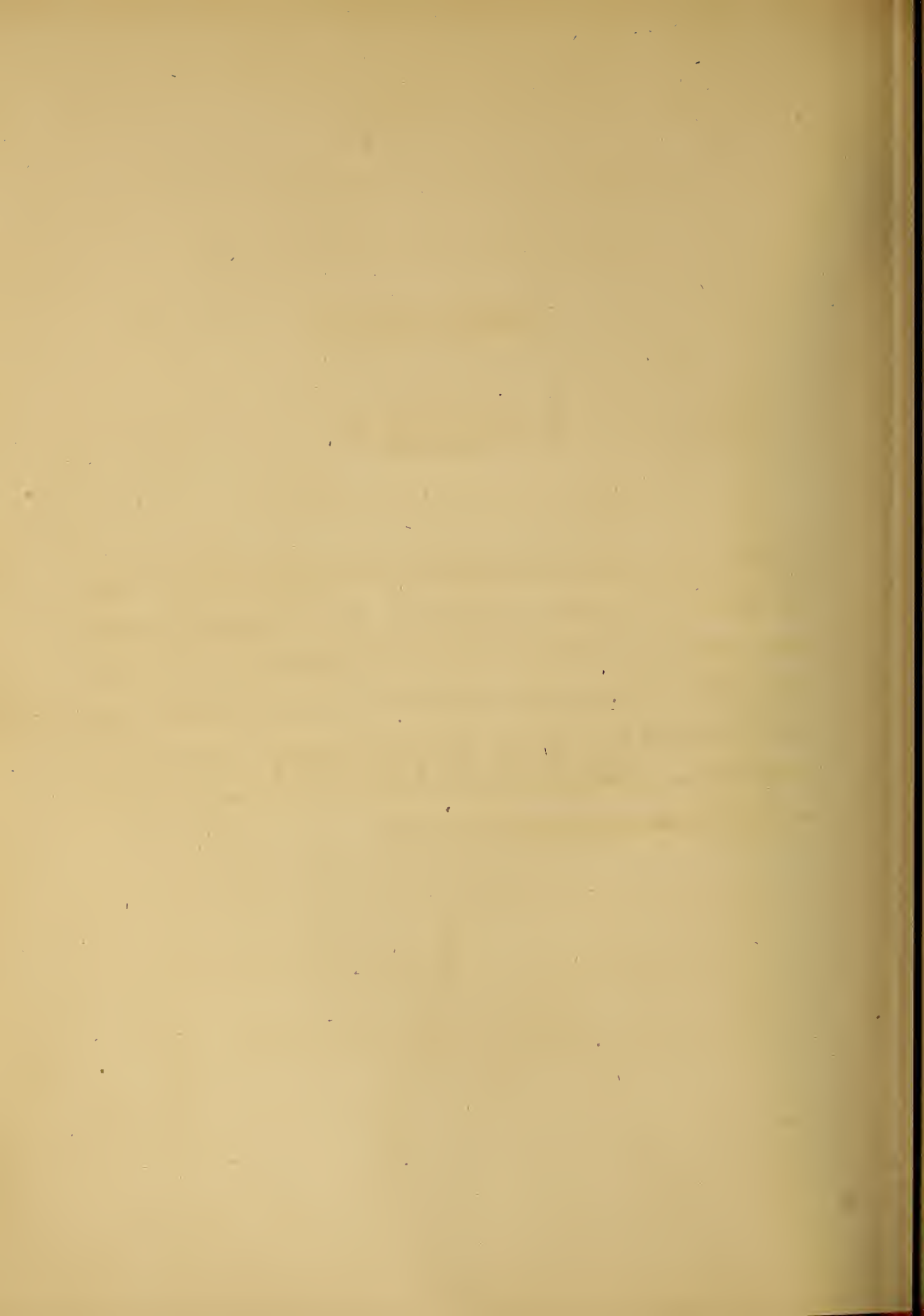
As o'er old Ocean's foaming surge  
Our lab'ring bark is reeling,  
Tho' wild winds seem to howl my dirge,  
And mock the pangs of feeling ;  
When lightnings glare, and thunders roll,  
And beating torrents wet me,  
This hope shall cheer my drooping soul,  
That, while by raging tempests torn,  
On waves upborne,  
We mount on high, and sink below,  
That you, my love,  
Will faithful prove,  
And oft fulfil the sacred vow,  
That you would ne'er forget me.

But should our vessel prove a wreck,  
Or fatal balls fall near me,  
When bleeding on the gory deck,  
With no soft hand to cheer me :  
While from me earthly comforts fly,  
And Death's dark night awaits me,  
Thou'lt have my last expiring sigh,  
Yes ! e'er my spirit soar above,  
To thee, my love,  
'Twill fly to take its last adieu,  
And then prepare  
To meet thee there,  
In the fond hope that vow was true,  
That thou would'st ne'er forget me.

**LEONORA**

**TO**

**CYNTHIO.**





## ARGUMENT.

---

*Leonora's uneasiness—Thinks herself slighted in not hearing from Cynthio—Is jealous, and fearful lest his affections are alienated from her, and engaged by some other object—Reminds him of his plighted vows, and the numerous suitors she refused for his sake—Hints obliquely at those personal charms which first captivated and won his heart, and begs to say that those charms are not impaired by absence—Urges his speedy return, as essentially necessary to her future peace and happiness—Concludes with her best wishes, and anxiously waits his answer.*

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*LEONORA to CYNTHIO.*

---

THE choicest health which mortals prove below,  
That health on Cynthio long may Heav'n bestow !  
How shall my lab'ring thoughts expatiate free,  
When, dear lamented youth, I think on thee ?  
Our social joys are all our bliss below ;  
Alas ! how short is all the bliss we know !  
Sometimes an intervening distance parts,  
Yet absence ne'er could separate our hearts.  
Did half my fondness in thy breast prevail,  
Tho' winds should sleep, thy sighs would swell the sail !

But, oh ! I rave ! thy bosom feels no pain,  
In mine alone Love's stormy passions reign !  
Nor, dear disturber of my quiet, say,  
Knowing how ill fond woman brooks delay,  
Still wilt thou form some feign'd excuse to stay !  
Say not, I pray, the fault rests not with thee,  
But with the winds and the tempestuous sea ;  
Blame not the winds---indeed they roughly blew,  
But 'twas to chide delay, and make thee true.  
Think not they rag'd to cause thy longer stay ;  
They came from me, to bid thee haste away !  
If, when we meet, I knit my angry brow,  
Blame me not, Cynthio, for thy broken vow !  
Yet tho' I mean to frown, I shall be dumb,  
My Cynthio else might be in doubt to come :



Speed, Cynthio, speed ! ah ! let me once more hear,  
In accent soft, that still to thee I'm dear.

When from the ship the signal gun was fir'd,  
And the last moment of thy stay expir'd,  
Thou know'st what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,  
Again took leave, and yet again came back !  
Once more took leave, unwilling to depart,  
Heav'n knows, and thou, with what a heavy heart !  
Embark'd---as love's last sign, I wav'd my hand,  
Long on the deck as I perceiv'd thee stand,  
And cry'd, (my grief expos'd to public view)  
"Cynthio, farewell ! a long---a long adieu !"  
Hast thou not seen the sportive child, when lost  
The toy on which his heart delighted most,

Fatigu'd with searching, to some corner creep,  
And hide himself, in solitude to weep ?  
In vain the nurse attempts to soothe his mind,  
He still laments for what he cannot find !

Then, hadst thou seen how Leonora lay,  
When torn from thee, she wept the live-long day ;  
A love so true might claim triumphant pow'r,  
Thy fortune I refus'd, and claim'd no dow'r,  
Nor, Danae like, was caught by golden show'r. }  
And witness Heav'n ! the transports of my heart,  
When first I knew my Cynthio bore a part !  
To me all merit short of thine must fall,  
And Leonora's husband outshine all.  
So on false gems the ignorant may gaze,  
Commend their lustre, and admire their blaze ;

But love, like judgment, takes a juster view,  
And marks fictitious lustre from the true ;  
Each object places in a stronger light,  
And guides thy Leonora's faithful sight.

What tho' thy father's wishes call thee home,  
Love flies when Leonora whispers "Come !"  
If Asia has no pleasures without me,  
Then what is England if depriv'd of thee ?  
Reflect on the return thy passion swore,  
When my press'd lip the dear engagement bore ;  
When tenderness broke all the ties of art,  
And ev'ry look came faithful from the heart.

Nor have two years of absence chang'd my face,  
Or robb'd thy Leonora of her grace ;

Yet if my charms with length'ning absence pine,  
Remember, Cynthio, all the fault is thine !  
Canst thou in Asia still a truant lie,  
Nor fear thy Leonora's piercing eye ?  
Too weak to thee would all her anger prove,  
Thy sight would soften each resolve to love.

And must I still thy feign'd excuses hear ?  
Sure, sure thy absence is enough to bear !  
Must I sustain neglect, accuse delay ?  
'Tis Leonora pleads, then haste away !  
Alas ! I fear too fatally thou know'st  
The faith I treasure, and the truth I boast !  
Thou think'st me kind and easy to believe,  
And sin'st anew, that I may still forgive.



Enormous, Cynthio, were thy faults indeed,  
If I were judge, and thou should'st fail to plead !  
Yet all the sweet revenge I mean to prove,  
At meeting, is, to vanquish thee in love !  
And if my fondness causes thy delay,  
Fate bids it cease----I cannot brook thy stay.

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OF THE

C Y N T H I O

TO

LEONORA.



*CANTO THE THIRD.*

THE [illegible]

# REPORT

[Illegible text block containing several lines of faint, mirrored text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

By [illegible]



## ARGUMENT.

---

*Cynthia receives letters from England by the outward ships—Answers Leonora's kind inquiries, and endeavours to dispel and quiet all her little tender fears and jealousies—Short account of Governor Hornby's country seat, park, and adjacent country—Amusements, from its local situation, very limited and circumscribed—Manner of living and spending the time—Harvest-home, reaping, and treading out the corn, as practised in the patriarchal age—Ryotts, or husbandmen's song, &c.—Short account of the European ladies resident in Bombay—A soliloquy—Receive a letter from my friend at Madras, with one inclosed from my father, ordering me home again—Take my departure with the returning ships, and, after a quick and pleasant passage, arrive safe in Old England.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

Printers Office, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1724

*CYNTHIO to LEONORA.*

---

*CANTO THIRD.*

---

You ask me how this Asiatic clime  
Affects my health, and how I pass my time ?  
Debar'd the pleasures of the park and play,  
The hurrying change, the tattle of the day,  
With all that charms the busy and the gay.  
Our bus'ness bounded in a narrow view,  
Our joys are easy, natural, and few.

}

When scorch'd with summer's sultry heat we burn,  
The cooling breeze refreshes in its turn :  
Tir'd with the toils and labors of the day,  
We bless the welcome ev'ning's milder ray.

Around the board we quaff the social bowl,  
Madeira's gen'rous draughts regale the soul ;  
Its strength the limpid element restrains,  
And cools the thirst which rages in our veins :  
No party strife prolongs the loud debate,  
No "rights of men," or matters of the state.  
What art may best the rip'ning spice refine,  
Or gain the treasures of the Indian mine ;  
Where voyages with profit may be made,  
And how we may improve our growing trade ;



Topics like these the flying hours amuse,  
Nor need we for our mirth our friends abuse.

If some tall vessel from the British shore,  
By prosp'rous gales, is wafted safely o'er ;  
How does the pleasing news transport our heart,  
We bless the welcome message they impart !  
O'erjoy'd, the marks of thy lov'd hand I see,  
And kiss with rapture what was touch'd by thee !  
From cheerful cups, at midnight go to rest,  
Perchance to dream of thee, and to be blest ;  
The vision vanishes with early morn,  
Whilst thousand beauties earth and skies adorn :  
The lively scene, and last night's generous juice,  
The fancy kindle and provoke the muse.

What tho' no pamper'd viands crowd our board,  
The nat'ral dainties which this isle afford,  
By simple cooks in artless manner drest,  
Might well enrich the most luxurious feast.  
No wintry blasts deform the fruitful plain,  
But Nature's gifts thro' ev'ry season reign ;  
The various pulse to temp'rate meals invite,  
Supply our wants, not force our appetite.

The diff'rent fruits of distant climates smile,  
And deck with blended charms our happy soil ;  
To crown the board their sev'ral sweets impart,  
And ev'ry season forms the rich dessert.

By a vast ridge of circling mountains bound,  
The lofty Gauts half form a spacious round ;

Out-stretch'd immense the heaving ocean lies,  
And with new objects still delights the eyes.  
In gentle winds St. George's streamers play,  
At once the pride and terror of the sea,  
Which to contending nations give the law,  
And keep, in Britain's name, the world in awe ;  
While, to enrich the view, town answers town,  
Ships crowd the harbours, hills the forests crown.

Thither retiring from the noon-tide heat,  
We find refreshment and a cool retreat.  
Each rural object gratifies the sight,  
And yields the mind an innocent delight.  
Plants of all shades the various scene adorn,  
Here the fat olive, there the waving corn ;



When sultry Phœbus now has done his part,  
And harvest ripen'd asks the hand of Art ;  
The sun-burnt Ryotts hasten to the fields,  
And reap the plenteous crop that Ceres yields ;  
Whilst emulation swells each heaving breast,  
To pass each other and excel the rest.  
Dispatch'd their work, upon the ridge they play,  
And pass in harmless mirth the hours away :  
To merry Wang,\* and to the cheerful song,  
In antic steps, fantastic dance along.

\* The Jews-Harp, or *Merry Wang* ; so called by the lower class of natives, who are fond of playing and dancing to it.





Thou-son, Del.

THE RYOT'S DANCE.

Brad-son, Sc.



# HARVEST-HOME.

---

*THE RYOTTS;*

OR,

ASIATIC HUSBANDMEN'S SONG.

---

1.

Ryotts, see! the golden grain  
Fill the bosom of the plain!  
Each your sickle freely wield,  
Soon we'll clear each ripen'd field.  
A Ryott's life's a life of pleasure,  
Singing, laughing, without measure!

When each field is cut away,  
Thus we hold our holiday,  
    With era ura era chang,  
    To the merry merry Wang !

2.

Thus we dance upon the green,  
Mirth in ev'ry face is seen ;  
To merry Wang and cheerful song,  
In playful steps we dance along.  
From pleasures sweet to pleasures born,  
We gaily welcome in the morn ;  
Thus, when each field is cut away,  
Merrily hold our holiday,  
    With era ura era chang,  
    To the merry merry Wang !



## 3.

On the merry Wang we play,  
Till the blushing streaks of day  
Redden all the hills around,  
To warn us from our dancing ground;  
Then to his hut each reaper goes,  
To steal an hour of soft repose;  
Singing of his mirthful cheer,  
And the charms of Country Beer,  
    With era ura era chang,  
    To the merry merry Wang!

*COUNTRY BEER in INDIA.*

*A SONG.*

---

FILL a bumper, no delay !  
How we relish night and day !  
Who can all thy joys declare ?  
Oh ! the charms of Country Beer !

Hark ! from glassy prison free,  
Joyful sound to longing me ;  
See ! behold this mantling cheer !  
Oh ! the charms of Country Beer !

Not the dainties of the board,  
Or the banquet of a lord,  
Can excite my wish or care,  
If depriv'd of Country Beer !

Bacchus, rosy god of wine !  
Freely, gladly, I resign.  
Boy, another bumper here !  
Health to all in Country Beer !

Now round and round, with never-weary'd pain,  
The trampling steers beat out th' abundant grain.  
In verdant pastures interspers'd between,  
The lowing herds and bleating flocks are seen ;  
The setting sun just gilds yon mountain's brow,  
The herds with full-distended udders low ;  
The tawny herdsmen tell their rural tales,  
Whilst foaming nourishment supplies their pails.  
Close at the foot of yon descending hill,  
Where those tall trees the bounded prospect fill,  
Rich Love-dale lies, and Hornby is its lord ;  
His fair domains a thousand charms afford.

Here balmy dews each morn refresh the soil,  
And monsoon-rains reward the planter's toil.



His spacious park with various trees is grac'd,  
All void of art, yet each in order plac'd.  
Here pleasing vistas strike th' observing eye,  
And on each side the well-stock'd fish-ponds lie.

Deck'd with rich plumes the feather'd tribes appear,  
In liv'ry gay thro' all the varied year ;  
The vocal songsters of each distant grove  
Assemble here to tell their tales of love ;  
Whilst I, of all that I hold dear bereft,  
Forlorn remain, a sad spectator left !

From whence this sigh, ah ! wherefore did I roam,  
And leave those joys which spring from thee at home ?  
To lose my grief in fond poetic dream,  
I carv'd on Banian's bark this tender theme :

Tell me, ye grots, ye fountains, and ye rills,  
Where Leonora and her Cynthio stray'd ;  
Why now no rapture my sad bosom fills,  
Whene'er I wander in the silent shade.

Fair Leonora then did grace my side ;  
In her sweet converse how the moments flew !  
When, so much blest, the time did swiftly glide,  
Whilst from her lips I virtuous precepts drew.

The solitary woods, the rural haunts,  
Where Contemplation holds her lonely reign ;  
Where Philomela melancholy chants,  
And in soft numbers charms the list'ning swain.

There Leonora oft with me hath stray'd,  
When Dian's beam illum'd the cloudless sky ;  
We bent our steps to reach the distant glade,  
Echo's retreat, remote from human eye.

There, join'd by social sympathy of heart,  
Our thoughts, our wishes, our desires the same ;  
Our souls were strangers to each selfish art,  
Sure such an union graces Hymen's name !

Ye lofty Mangoes, and huge Banian trees,  
Th' abode of Zephyrs and of turtle doves ;  
Where Asiatic shepherds, stretch'd at ease,  
Attend their browsing flocks, and tell their loves.

Say, can you soothe a sad and troubled breast,  
A heart that mourns the absence of its mate ?  
Your shades, alas ! can give the body rest,  
But cannot alter the decrees of Fate.

Under your umbrage I may find repose,  
Screen'd from Sol's scorching rays and sultry heat ;  
Ills, poignant ills, torment---ah ! but for those,  
Here should I find my happiness complete.

These bow'rs well suit poor solitary Grief,  
To speak the language of an aching heart ;  
Sweet Echo's sympathy may give relief,  
'Tis kind in Nature thus to take a part.



The tender bleating flocks, and herds that low,  
Recall remembrance of those happy hours,  
When, blest in Innocence, unknown to Woe,  
Like them we fondly cropt the rising flow'rs.

O'er-head the constant turtles bill and coo,  
Their soft endearments echo thro' the grove;  
Methinks they speak, as we were wont to do,  
In the sweet language of connubial love.

With mutual joys their choral pow'rs unite,  
To speak their loves, they know no other theme;  
Unless, when absent, what would most delight,  
Should prove, like mine, an empty, airy dream.

No pleasure find I in this cheerful scene ;

While she is absent, pleasure is no more !

The charms are vanish'd of th' enamel'd green ;

Her presence only can my joy restore.

---

Thro' the rich valley Belvidera strays,

And wantonly in light meanders plays ;

Then, washing rich Capella in its way,

It joins with glad precipitance the sea ;

Here oft on special festivals we meet,

Our laws and well-earn'd liberties to greet,

By William rescu'd, and in George complete :

The well-dress'd nymphs in beauteous crowds resort,

Such might add lustre to the British Court.

The trembling Muse, struck with a distant awe,  
So bright a circle scarce presumes to draw :  
Fair Gowland's presence first attracts the eye,  
Temp'ring with sweetness awful majesty ;  
Yet with such easy grace her actions flow,  
She seems her higher merit least to know :  
With equal wonder and delight we trace  
The blooming charms which dwell in Anna's face ;  
Here Nature does her choicest gifts dispense,  
Bestowing beauty, wit, and innocence.  
Thank, lovely Hereford ! thy mother's care,  
That thou in ev'ry female praise may'st share !  
The graceful Price, like chaste Diana tall,  
Above the rest adorns the shining ball.  
Gay Morley's sprightly and engaging mien  
Has charms too dang'rous to be safely seen.

In amiable Runell conjoin'd we find  
A beauteous person with a virtuous mind.  
The sister Bachelors, a lovely pair,  
With modest, easy, and becoming air,  
Are so completely form'd, 'tis hard to tell  
In ev'ry virtue which does most excel.  
Here Tryon us'd to grace the dance, till Fate  
Unkind depriv'd her of her much-lov'd mate;  
She now, retir'd, the silent hours employs  
In secret griefs, nor shares the public joys.  
Numbers beside, in ev'ry state of life,  
Excel, as Mother, Daughter, Sister, Wife!

And thou, my soul's delight! ask thy fond heart,  
If mine can rove, if e'er from thee depart?



How could I thus, of all thy charms possess'd,  
Consent to stray, and be no longer blest ?  
Ah ! either own my love for ever thine,  
Or give me back that constant heart of mine ;  
I then both hand and fortune can bestow,  
Thou hast the one, then take the other too.

O ! how unjust are all thy tender fears !  
Dispel thy doubts, dry up thy jealous tears.  
If e'er with such intent I quit this isle,  
And guilty thus, thy love, thy truth beguile,  
May the first wave revenge thy cruel woe,  
And plunge me headlong to the shades below !

Resume thy smiles, foresee the rising gales,  
Fair for the British coast distend the sails ;

Oh ! Neptune ! in whose realms I dar'd so late,  
Thou, the disposer of my hapless fate ;  
Propitious lend thine aid, no proud design  
Presumptuous dares to tempt thy pow'r divine !  
From passion pure these dauntless efforts flow,  
Beauty to cheer, and succour helpless Woe.  
Oh ! lovely maid ! within this constant breast  
Long has thy image dwelt, by Love impress'd ;  
To view thy matchless charms, thy favor gain,  
Once more I brave the terrors of the main ;  
Ne'er can I leave the prize by perils won,  
Dearer to me than all beneath the sun ;  
With thee once more I'll rest, renounce all care,  
Partake thy griefs, and all thy pleasures share.

Ye winds, presiding o'er the pathless seas,  
Who raise the waves, and who at will appease ;  
Propitious breathe upon our swelling sails,  
And speed our passage to the Queen of Isles ;  
To Albion's isle, kind Love, direct the way,  
Safe to that shore a faithful swain convey !  
The gentle gales their flagging force renew,  
And now the wish'd-for harbour is in view.

Thrice blest at last in all the joys I taste,  
So well repaid for ev'ry danger past ;  
Two altars in this happy land I'll raise,  
Just monuments of gratitude and praise ;

This to the God of Love, whose pow'r divine  
My passion gave, and sped the good design ;  
To Neptune that, who gracious smooth'd the sea,  
And safe convey'd me to all bliss in thee.



**LEONORA**

TO

**CYNTHIO.**

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE  
DESCRIBED  
THE CAUSES  
AND CONSEQUENCES  
OF THE  
REBELLION

AND  
THE TRIAL  
AND EXECUTION  
OF THE KING

*LEONORA to CYNTHIO,*

ON HIS RETURN

*FROM AN UNFORTUNATE VOYAGE.*

---

No more, fond partner of my soul,  
At disappointment grieve ;  
Can flowing tears thy fate control,  
Or sighs thy woes relieve ?

Adversity is Virtue's school,  
To those who right discern ;

Do thou observe each painful rule,  
And each hard lesson learn.

When wintry clouds obscure the sky,  
And heav'n the earth deforms;  
If fix'd the strong foundations lie,  
The castle braves the storms.

Thus, fix'd on Faith's unfailing rock,  
May'st thou endure a while  
Misfortune's rude impetuous shock,  
And glory in thy toil!

Ill fortune cannot always last;  
But if it should remain,



Yet dost thou ev'ry moment haste

A better world to gain :

Where Calumny no more shall wound,

Or faithless friends destroy ;

Where Innocence and Truth are crown'd

With never-fading joy.

Let us, my love, still kiss the rod,

We've better things in view ;

Next to my hopes in thee, my God,

My soul looks up to you !

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AN  
EPITHALAMIUM  
ON  
DOMESTIC HAPPINESS  
AND  
CONNUBIAL LOVE,  
ADDRESSED TO  
*CYNTHIO and LEONORA,*  
*BY A FRIEND.*

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*EPITHALAMIUM, &c.*

---

YE pairs, the happiest of your kind,  
Whom Hymen's gentle fetters bind  
In soft and silken bands ;  
Say what exalted pleasures wait  
True lovers in the nuptial state,  
Who mingle hearts and hands ?

Oh ! come, instruct the stranger Muse,  
Lest she the sacred theme abuse

In her unhallow'd strain !

She, whose best guises are but faint,

Unpractis'd, who can hardly paint

The dear, the blissful chain !

Blest pair ! who, knit in friendship, know

The joys that each on each bestow,

While loving and belov'd ;

If there be bliss beneath the skies,

It must from love, fond love, arise,

By friendship firm improv'd.

Nor theirs can higher rise below,

Whose minds one kindred passion know,

And feel their softest pow'r ;  
What happy scenes they outward view !  
Within, what heart-felt raptures new !  
Increasing ev'ry hour !

Their joys in one bright channel roll,  
The tend'rest sympathy of soul  
Reciprocal they prove ;  
Each bosom burns with mutual fire,  
And ev'ry wish is pure desire,  
And ev'ry look is love.

Oh ! transport not to be express'd !  
Alternately each ravish'd breast

What kind emotions seize !

While heart meets heart, each finding still

Will happily preventing will,

Both ever pleas'd to please.

Oh ! Cynthio, oh ! my friend, for you

The Muse this lovely portrait drew,

To whom she dares appeal ;

While with thy Leonora blest,

If joys like these thy happy breast

Does most sublimely feel.

What tender transports touch thy heart !

Thro' all thy soul soft thrillings dart,



And ev'ry pow'r employ ;  
While gazing now with sweet surprise,  
Thou drink'st enraptur'd from her eyes  
The very soul of joy !

But, oh ! amidst this scene to see  
A bright, a smiling progeny,  
Must still the bliss improve !  
To what new extacies awoke  
Thy ravish'd heart, when first 'twas struck  
With a parental love !

How inexpressible the joy,  
When I beheld the lovely boy,

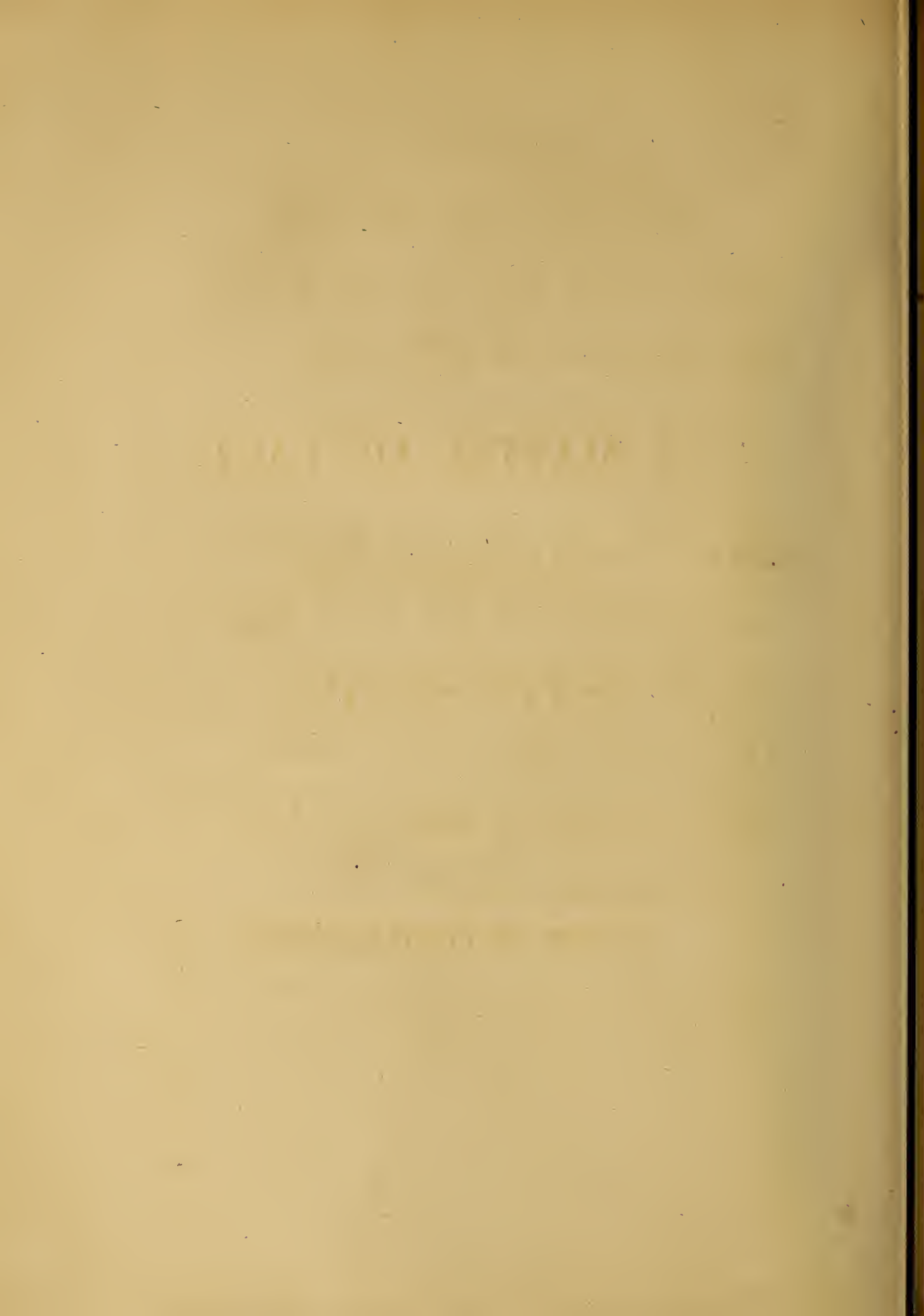
And clasp'd him in my arms !  
Each op'ning feature pleas'd to trace ;  
Here, dawning all a father's grace ;  
There, all a mother's charms !

Thus far, tho' with unskilful voice,  
The Muse to thee has sung of joys  
That not to her belong ;  
Yet haply, if kind Heav'n ordain,  
Experience soon may guide the strain,  
And Hymen teach the song.

Ah ! could thy friend but find a fair,  
Like thine, well form'd his bliss to share,

From such a state that springs ;  
Then might he hope, nor hope in vain,  
Like happiness with thee to gain,  
And taste the joys he sings.

But ah ! amidst the nuptial kind,  
Two kindred breasts how rare to find,  
That equal measure beat !  
Yet where on Hymen Love attends,  
And Friendship her endearment lends,  
'Tis happiness complete.





ON

A MATTER OF FACT,

WHICH HAPPENED IN THE

*EAST INDIES,*

ON THE

*COAST OF COROMANDEL.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
FROM 1763 TO 1789  
BY JAMES M. SMITH  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REVOLUTION  
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
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*ON A MATTER OF FACT, &c.*

---

WHERE orient India spreads her wide domains,  
And tawny shepherds woo their sable loves ;  
Where Ganges' streams enrich the fertile plains,  
Or gently murmur thro' the spicy groves :

The umbrage of a Banian tree beneath,  
While Sol retiring shot a slanting ray ;  
Where Echo dwells, and gentle Zephyrs breathe,  
A mourning youth in secret silence lay.

Admir'd Alexis, pride of happier climes !

Reclin'd in musing sadness on the ground ;

He sung of other fortunes, other times,

And bade the neighb'ring hills return the sound.

Thrice had he cross'd the equatorial line,

And thrice thro' polar ice his bark had pass'd,

Where various deaths in dread array combine,

And dar'd the rising surge and furious blast.

But cares still follow o'er the trackless deep,

Thro' ev'ry land their constant stream will flow ;

Unhappy youth ! thy sorrows still thou'lt weep,

No change of place can root out heartfelt woe.



For his lov'd Laura without cease he sigh'd,

Her heav'nly charms had won his artless youth ;

“ Ah ! much lamented fairest one ! ” he cry'd,

“ Pattern of virtue, constancy, and truth !

“ Oh ! snatch'd for ever from these longing arms,

“ What hoards of treasure can thy loss repair !

“ What promis'd bliss can match thy heav'nly charms,

“ Source of delight, and fairest of the fair !

“ To me in vain would Indus pour his store,

“ Or Afric's barb'rous sands yield up their gold ;

“ A far more precious treasure I deplore,

“ Than orient Ind or sultry Afric hold.

“ For me in vain the Zephyr’s gentle wing

“ Skims o’er the flow’rs in eastern pride that bloom ;

“ For me in vain yon sweet Ananas spring,

“ And groves of spices shed their rich perfume.

“ Ah me ! in distant climes bright Laura lies ;

“ ’Twas for my sake in early youth she fell ;

“ For her lov’d swain in death she clos’d her eyes,

“ And, full of sorrows, bade the world farewell !

“ But, Ganges, thou my fated corse receive,

“ My last remains and sad memorial keep ;

“ For me no parent’s tender heart shall grieve,

“ Nor sorrowing bride, nor mourning widow weep !”

He said ; and, fearless o'er the murm'ring flood,  
His desp'rate eyes in solemn silence roll'd ;  
When sudden a bright beauteous form he view'd,  
Which aw'd his soul, and all his pow'rs control'd.

'Twas Laura's self, whom misreporting Fame  
Had rumor'd the cold tenant of the tomb !  
'Twas Laura's self, who cross'd the seas to claim  
The meed of love, array'd in Beauty's bloom !

Silent a while he gaz'd upon her charms,  
His hopes and fears in ev'ry look express'd ;  
Then sudden clasp'd her in his eager arms,  
His love, his life, his happiness confess'd !

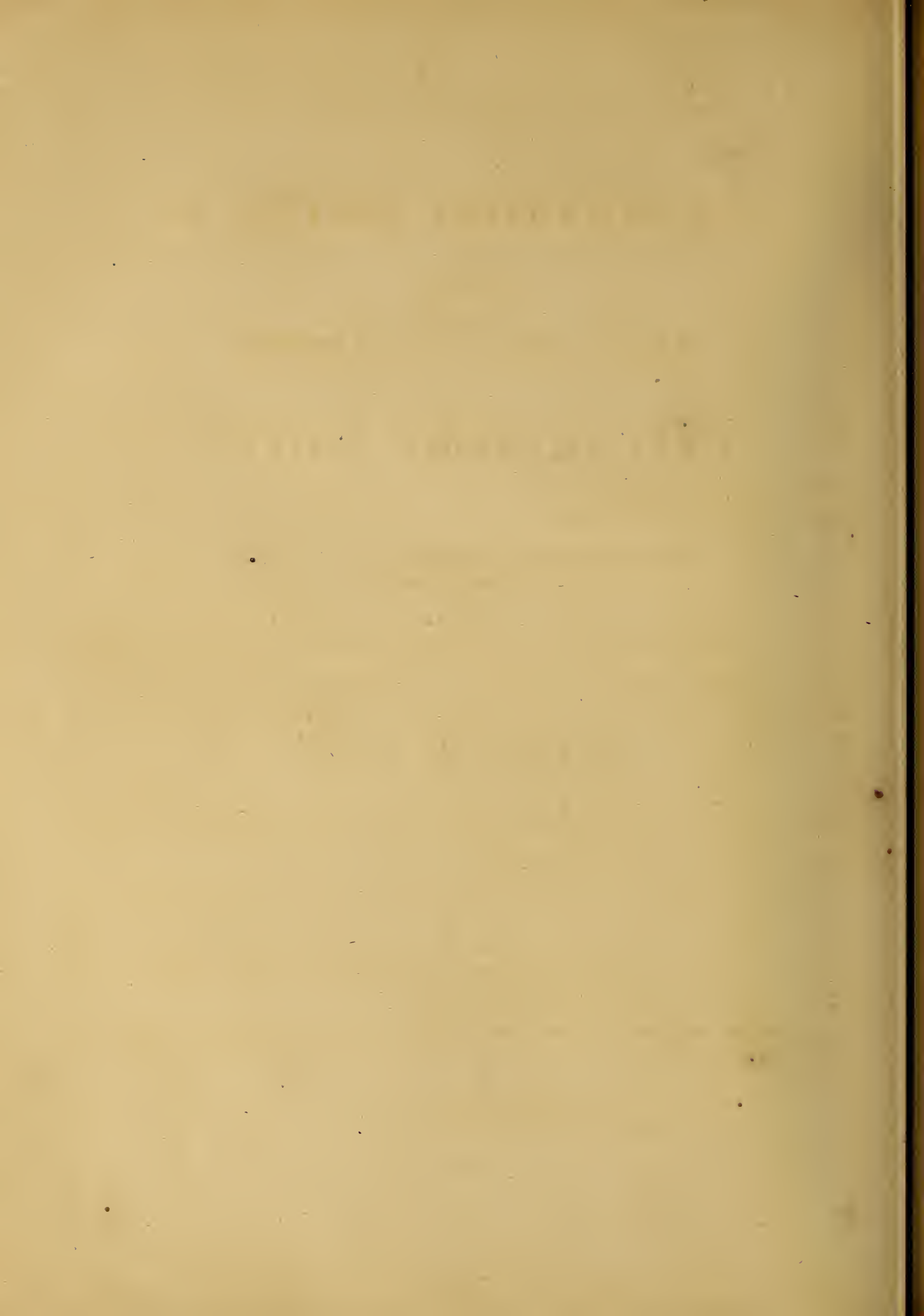
Thus, taught by Heav'n, to Heav'n resign'd he bends,  
Resolv'd by rashness to offend no more;  
With Laura bless'd, his fate with hers he blends,  
And joyful bears his prize to Albion's shore!



# EXPLANATORY NOTES

TO THE

*PRECEDING POEM.*



# EXPLANATORY NOTES, &c.

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## FROM A SON TO A FATHER.

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*Ocrinum*, the North Foreland.

*Danmonium*, the coast of Devonshire.

*Now direful Scilly mocks the straining sight,  
And her faint fires send forth a dying gleam.*

*Scilly*, a cluster of islands which lie 9 or 10 leagues to the westward of the Lizard, on the coast of Cornwall. The rocks of Scilly have often proved destructive to ships entering the English Channel, in thick hazy weather, or on dark nights. Sir Cloudesley Shovel had the misfortune to be wrecked on these rocks with three ships of the line, and every soul perished. In the island of St. Mary's is the light-house. It appears to great advantage, as it stands on very high land, and is said to be a very fine column. The sash-lights are 11 feet 6 inches long, and 3 feet 2 inches broad.

*Newfoundland*, a large island lying on the eastern coast of North America, between 47° and 52° N. Lat. famous for its banks, on which the cod-fish feeds. It is observed that thirteen or fourteen thousand seamen are employed in these fisheries.

*Nantucket*, an island in North America, south of Cape Cod; a whale fishery is carried on here. Lat. 41° N. and 70° W. Lon.

*Sandy Hook*, a small island near New Jersey in North America, about 7 miles south of Long Island. It was formerly a peninsula, but the sea broke through the isthmus, and of course it remains an island. This happened about the year 1777.

Col. Campbell lost his life by a tiger in the East Indies, while on a shooting party in the woods on the coast of Coromandel.

————— *Dearest shade, come down,  
And hover o'er me with thy angel wings!*

## NOTES ON CANTO FIRST.

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[Lest any of my readers should be unacquainted with the names of some of the inferior officers' duty, &c. and the technical terms inseparable from navigation, I have here endeavoured to explain all those I make use of.]

The *Boatswain* is an inferior officer selected from the most experienced seamen, and whose particular duty it is to superintend the cordage, rigging, &c. and muster the ship's company when ordered by the commanding officer; in short, he is a necessary man on all occasions. He wears his long clothes, and is distinguished by his badge of office. A silver breast-plate, with the figure of the ship engraven thereon, hangs round his neck, suspended by a silver chain, with an appropriate whistle. All the duty on ship-board is done by the modulation and variation of this pipe. He has two mates to assist him, who have each their distinguishing pipe or whistle. This prevents noise and confusion amongst the seamen, who are obliged to be silent on all occasions of duty. It is only used in the navy, and on board the East India ships.

*Hands*, or *all hands*; a term used when speaking of the seamen, or ship's crew.

*Weigh*, the order for getting the anchor up.

*Unmoor*, to get both anchors up, in order to depart from any port or harbour, to proceed on the voyage.

*Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,  
Tho' distant seen, with treach'rous arms surround;  
There quicksands, thick as Beauty's snares, annoy,  
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt destroy.*

Alluding to the quicksands on the Lincolnshire coast. It is remarkably low land, and below the level of the sea. When the tide of flood advances, it is so rapid as to carry every thing before it; and although the passenger should be mounted on the swiftest horse, it will avail him nothing, as on



the land side, to which of course he flies to avoid the impending danger of the sea, there is nothing but bogs and quicksands ; so that death is inevitable for both man and beast either way. There is a guide-post fixed at each end of the passage ; notwithstanding which, many, by being too adventurous, have lost their lives.

*From Cambria's shores, O fly! nor dare to trust  
The faithless people of that savage coast.*

The coast of Cornwall, where it has been known, after shipwreck, that the poor mariner, having reached the shore, has been deprived of the feeble remains of life, for the sake of his watch and money ! The security of the plunderers depends on the darkness of the night ; and should any dead body be found mutilated, it is generally conjectured that some accident has happened prior to the body's reaching the shore, and by this means they escape suspicion and detection. My fair readers will stop here, and drop the sympathetic tear over the memory of him, who perhaps has many times bled to defend the very island on which he thus lost his life.

*What heart but melts to leave the tender train,  
And one short month endure the wintry main !*

Alluding to the grief of some of my brother seamen, at parting from their wives and families for that short space of time. What then must be my feelings, when their short month is exchanged for three long tedious years ?

*Bark*, a name given to any ship or vessel.

*Watch* ; the ship's crew are divided into two, called by the seamen the starboard and larboard watches ; these do the necessary duty of the ship four hours each alternately ; or, as Falconer beautifully expresses it,

*" While some the watch of night alternate keep,  
" The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep."*

*Topsails*, are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude, and distinguished according to their respective masts ; as, the fore *topsail*, main *topsail*, &c.

*Helm*, or *Rudder*, the governing principle by which the ship is managed and conducted through the ocean ; but in a storm its governing quality is greatly diminished, the violence of the gale allowing only a small quantity of sail to be spread, and sometimes none at all.

*Canvass*. This word is frequently used by seamen when speaking of the sails ; as, " we bent a " new suit of *canvass*," or, " a new suit of *sails*."

*God of the seas! thy potent voice  
 Makes e'en the roaring waves rejoice;  
 And one strong word of thy command  
 Can sink them silent on the strand.*

I have introduced this little imagery of Neptune and the sea nymphs, by way of delineating, in more striking colours, the ingratitude of the two surviving seamen; and have adopted the hypothesis of the ancient Heathens, who allowed a multiplicity of inferior deities, as presiding over the works of creation, and conducting the disigns of Providence, or the Supreme Jove.

Neptune and Amphitrite, with an appropriate train of tritons and sea nymphs, shocked at the impiety of the two surviving seamen, and delighted with the contrast of the Danish captain and his crew, in order to shew these unthinking men how culpable they were, and that, however they might flatter themselves, their conduct was noticed and condemned by the god of the sea. The tritons and sea nymphs begin their hymn to the deity, with an invocation to the sea and the inhabitants thereof, and point out, that even the winds and waves join with them in the universal chorus of praise to the great Creator. Thus shewing these degenerate men, that they were the only rebels nature had produced, as every thing else answered the end for which it was created; concluding with a supplication to Neptune, lest, in his anger at their impiety, he should punish the innocent with the guilty.

*The stormy floods their Maker know,  
 And pass his chosen armies through.*

Alluding to the children of Israel's passage through the Red Sea, (as it is called) though it is no redder than other seas. The sands are red indeed; yet this is insufficient to warrant that epithet. King Ærithroes, son to Perseus and Andromeda, in old times reigned here; and his name, which signifies *red*, probably gave the denomination to this sea.

*Here safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay  
 To mighty Neptune, guardian of our way.*

On Sunday, the day following our miraculous and providential escape from a watry grave, Barand Jacobs, (for that was the name of the captain of the Young Rosette) ordered his ship's crew to clean themselves and assemble on the quarter deck, where he performed divine service and chanted the Psalms of David, as is done in our cathedrals, ascribing all praise to God for our preservation, and returning public thanksgivings for being permitted to be the humble instrument of his mercies His

behaviour throughout the whole of our acquaintance convinced me that this was his general conduct. I have caught him, when he thought I was not observing him, with his eyes fixed upon me, expressive at once of pity and concern. This shewed the good man's feelings, and evinced a delicate sensibility and tenderness of mind, which either he could not, or was unwilling to express. He knew the joys of wedded love; for he informed me he had a wife and four children at home, and took great delight in entertaining me with many little anecdotes concerning them.

Barand Jacobs ! if this book by any accident ever meets thy eye, thou wilt see at least that I am grateful for all the favors thou didst lavish on an unfortunate Englishman, who, truly sensible of thy merits, will strive to imitate thy great example ! and be assured of this, that, while I have breath in my body, I will revere thy memory ! The token thou gavest me at parting, by way of *memento*, lies before me at this moment ; and although trifling in itself, I consider it as a treasure of inestimable value, since it serves to call to my remembrance my happy deliverance from shipwreck, as well as the many proofs thou hast given me of thy affectionate regard and disinterested friendship !

## NOTES ON CANTO SECOND.

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*The isles we pass, by 'ancient poets sung,  
When Nature bloom'd, for Nature then was young.*

The Grand Canaries, formerly called the Hesperides, or Fortunate Isles, in the Atlantic Ocean, near the continent of Africa. They are seven in number, subject to Spain.

*Now Fogo's vapor rising from afar,  
The eye pursues the visionary star.*

*Fuego*, or *Fogo*, one of the Cape de Verd isles in the Atlantic Ocean, appears at sea like one single mountain. There is a volcano at the top of it which burns continually, and frequently pours out torrents of brimstone and fire.

*By Mayo's rocky coast we safely run,  
Where the salt harvest ripens to the sun.*

*Mayo*, or *May*, another of the Cape de Verd isles, and where the salt water, by beating against the rocks, assisted by the excessive heat of the sun, crystalizes, and becomes pure rock salt, without any assistance of art to bring it to greater perfection ; and from hence arose the poetic licence I took in calling it a salt harvest.

*But now the Line its torrid influence shows,  
The sky turns gloomy, and the Ocean glows.*

The Equator, or Equinoctial line. On entering the southern latitude we saw the Croziers, a constellation observed by voyagers on elevating the antarctic or southern pole. We were here becalmed for upwards of a fortnight, and the heat was almost intolerable, notwithstanding the constant rains. It is a custom with the East India ships, English as well as foreign, to oblige all those, who never crossed the line before, to pay a forfeit of five shillings, or undergo a severe ducking at the yard's arm : There was only one man hardy enough to go through this ordeal. It was done without the



captain's knowledge, who, on hearing the noise occasioned by the man's plunging into the water, came running on the quarter-deck, and was extremely angry; for although there is a rope reeved for this purpose through a small block at the fore-yard's arm, it is only by way of terror to enforce the fine, it being generally thought hazardous to plunge into the water, on account of the great number of sharks usually attending the ship; these frequently plunder the seamen of their salt provisions, which are towed overboard to be freshened. We caught one which measured from 12 to 13 feet; it had run away with a large quantity of beef, and, on being opened, it was curious to see the seamen claiming their different pieces by their marks or tallies, which they have to distinguish them; for without this precaution it would occasion a general confusion, as they are all put promiscuously into one copper to boil. The shark was cut up, and some of the sailors broiled part of it on the fire, peppered and salted as a beef-steak; they said it tasted very well, and was good fresh food; they would fain have had me to try a piece of it; but I had no inclination to partake of such delicacies! The smell was enough for me.

For the amusement of my readers, I have inserted the custom that prevails at present on board the East India ships on crossing the line; as the other mode is very properly laid aside, on account of its being attended with danger to the life of the person who had to go through the ordeal. I have given the extract just as I had it from a brother officer's private remarks on board the Devonshire Indiaman. "We crossed the equator or equinoctial line about 11 o'clock at night on the 11th of June, 1808, when Neptune's trumpeter hailed the ship, and demanded to know the ship and captain's name; which being answered and minuted down in his pocket-book, he told us Neptune would come on board the next morning, as he understood there were several young gentlemen on board who had never crossed the line, and who of course would want to be shaved to qualify them to pass that sacred boundary a second time. Early the next morning the ship's company began to prepare for the ceremony of shaving and ducking, by clearing the deck, and getting the fire-engine, hose, &c. ready for working. About 9 o'clock the next morning appeared father Neptune in his car, with his spouse the fair Amphitrite and two of their children, with their body of tritons, sea nymphs, &c. This car was drawn by a sailor appropriately painted and dressed, preceded by the band of music playing a martial air, and followed by 20 or 30 of his attendant tritons and sea nymphs, all painted and dressed in a ludicrous and fantastical stile; next the secretary with his writing book, pen, ink, &c. and last of all the chaplain with his appropriate band and black coat; when one of the sailors remarked "Demme, I see we are to have a dish of prayers either before or after the ceremony, for do not you observe, messmate, Neptune's parson has got the signal out, as his foretop-sail is loose I see?" They proceeded from the larboard side of the

forecastle, and paraded round the quarter deck two or three times in presence of the ladies and gentlemen passengers. Neptune then, approaching the captain, made him a present with his own hand of several curiosities, such as rare fish, birds, &c. to put in his museum. Capt. Murray then asked his Majesty if he would take a glass of any kind of liquor that he had, to enable him to go through the fatigues of the day ; he answered, Yes, with all his heart ; but desired it might not be any thing stronger than brandy ; adding, with a smile, "Pray, captain, what have you got to give me, for I am rather nice in my choice that way ?" Capt. Murray answered that he had some very excellent bottled porter ; but that if his Majesty preferred a glass of brandy, or a little punch, it was at his service : Neptune replied, he did not care if he had a little porter, as he found himself thirsty, "and you may give me a glass of brandy while you are making the punch." So far, it was one of the most ludicrous and laughable scenes I ever saw. By this time all was ready to begin the ceremony, and for that purpose they chose the starboard gang-way, that being the lee side of the deck. They had previously got the fire-engine, which supplied them with plenty of water ; the scuppers, which let the water out from the deck, were plugged up, that there might be a plentiful supply always at hand ; near to the engine was a very large tub filled with water, and a pipe stave laid across it. Neptune in his car having drawn up near to the engine, his secretary cried out aloud "Mr Bennett !" (he being the first on the list) when Mr Bennett not appearing to answer to his name, three or four constables, with their staves of office, were sent below to bring him up. They presently returned with him blindfolded, and placed him upon the stave across the tub of water. The barber then ordered his deputy to lather him, which he did out of a bucket filled with tar, grease, &c. He then took his razor (made out of an old iron hoop and notched like a saw) and began to scrape it over his face. Just as he had finished this, another suddenly pulled the stave from under him, and he plunged into the water. The fire engine kept playing all the time, and several seamen were employed in throwing dirty water upon him. The next that was called was the assistant surgeon, who was served just in the same manner. The third was your humble servant, Mr Purser ; but I was not blindfolded, neither was I washed in the tub of dirty water, but had only a little dot of tar put upon my chin, though pretty well soused from the engine ; for I was in such a hurry to get away, that I fell backward, which was the occasion of my being as wet as if I had been overboard. The tar easily came off, as I had taken the precaution of putting a little pomatum upon my chin, and came off by far the best of any of them. Two or three of the passengers, who had given offence to the sailors, had all their faces covered with tar, and the brush rammed into their mouths, and were then ducked two or three times in the dirty water. Six gentlemen defended themselves in their cabins with pistols and small swords ; but nevertheless they would have been

taken and brought up to the gang-way, if Capt. Murray, perhaps apprehensive of unpleasant consequences, had not sent an order to the seamen to desist, and not to molest them any further. One of them, unfortunately for himself, was soon afterwards decoyed on deck, where they reeked all their vengeance on him, and gave him a hearty ducking."

Divine service is performed every Sunday by the chief officer, and every person on board is obliged to attend, unless sickness prevents them.

The expenditure of water is about 1300 gallons per week. The captain and passengers breakfast at 8, dine at 3, take coffee at 6, are generally in bed by 10, and rise at 7 o'clock or before. 30 or 40 ladies and gentlemen sit down every day at the captain's table. The third officer is the father of a mess; and the fourth, fifth, and sixth mates, surgeon's mate, and some of those passengers who cannot afford to mess with the captain, live with him; and the captain, to keep up his consequence, will occasionally dine with him, and take the foot of the table.

*Shunning tumultuous, frantic noise,*

*No friend to Bacchanalian joys.*

Saturday night on board the East Indiamen. After supper the first toast is "wives and sweethearts," or, "sweethearts and wives," just as the person who drinks is married or single. I commend them for their remembrance of those near and dear relatives, and I often thus drank a long continuance of good health to my Leonora and our children. I am sorry to add that, like all other good things, this is too often abused. Frequent intemperance on board this ship occasioned these unpleasant reflections.

*And hark! direction's giv'n to sound,*

*To find if in our reach the ground.*

A bank, on which the Indiamen generally strike soundings, between 20 and 30 leagues from the Cape of Good Hope. The Os Capelle, in lat. 36° 48' south, hove to and sounded, ground 122 fathoms, with black specks, broken shells, and white coral. The lead used by seamen, for sounding in deep water, is from 25 to 30 pounds weight, and on the bottom is affixed some tallow, for the purpose of ascertaining the kind of ground, and what part of the bank they are on.

*At length the long-expected birds appear,*

*The joyful seamen cry, "the Cape is near!"*

Birds, usually called Cape Birds; they are seldom or ever seen far from the shore, and are a sure indication of the proximity of the Cape of Good Hope.



*Nor vain their hope; with the returning ray.*

*The Table's fleecy summit we survey.*

The next morning we saw the Table, or Table Mountain, at the Cape of Good Hope, a noted sea-mark, appearing off at sea in the shape of a table, flat at the top; and from thence it derives its name. It is of a prodigious height, and is frequently so enveloped with clouds, that it is only on a fine clear day we can discover the summit. The Cape of Good Hope is the southernmost promontory on the coast of Africa, and lies in  $34^{\circ} 29'$  south lat., and  $18^{\circ} 23'$  east lon.

*Pensive, the far-fam'd garden I explore,*

*Where earth, all teeming, sheds her plenteous store!*

The East India Company, at the Cape, have a famous garden, allowed to be the largest and most beautiful in the known world. Here are to be seen, nearly all the different fruits, exotics, and vegetables of all climates; and it is not undeservedly called the Garden of the East. Adjoining is the governor's menage. Here I saw lions, tigers, leopards, zebras, elephants, and antelopes; with many other curious animals, peculiar to the climate.

The soil of the Hottentot's country being sandy, and only good at intervals, the husbandmen chuse to confine themselves to those places where they meet with water and fertile land; but these advantages are seldom found together. The Dutch company procured slaves from Madagascar, who alleviated the burden of the white people; and also a few Malays, who are accustomed to the climate, tho' they are scarce fit for the work that is required of them. If it were practicable to make the Hottentots steady and industrious, great advantages might accrue, which cannot be hoped for from their present character. All that has yet been done is, to prevail with the poorest of them to engage in service for one, two, or three years. They are of a docile temper, and perform the work that is expected from them; but, at the expiration of their agreement, they take the cattle that are allowed them for wages, rejoin their clan, and never make their appearance again, till they have oxen or sheep to barter for knives, tobacco, and brandy. They find inexpressible charms in the independent and indolent life they pass in their deserts. Nothing can wean them from this attachment. As a proof of this, the following singular circumstance is related as a fact: One of their children was taken from the cradle by the Dutch, and instructed, in Holland, in their manners and religion. He made a progress answerable to the pains that were bestowed on his education; he was sent to India, and usefully employed in trade. Happening by accident to revisit his native country, he went to see his relations and friends in their hut; true to his origin, he cloathed himself with a sheep's skin,



and went to the fort to carry back his European habiliments. "I am come," said he to the governor, "to renounce for ever the mode of life you taught me to embrace; I am resolved "to follow, till death, the manners and religion of my ancestors. As a token of my affection, I "will accept the collar and sword you have given me; all the rest you will permit me to leave behind." He did not wait for an answer; but ran away, and was never heard of afterwards.

The Dutch East India Company receive a small profit from sixty leagers of red wine, and eighty or ninety of white, which they send to Europe every year. The leager weighs about twelve hundred pounds. There are only two places of small extent in the neighbourhood of Constantia that produce this wine, the soil of which is as yellow as gold. The company might have it entirely genuine, and at a very low rate; but the governor finds it his interest to mix it with the produce of the adjacent vineyards. By this management, what remains of the celebrated Constantia wine is sold to foreign vessels, that happen to touch there, at 3s. 6d. per bottle. It is generally preferable to that which is extorted by tyranny. Nothing can be expected where it is not voluntarily obtained.

*Save where the flies of fire their lamp illumine,  
And shed a show'r of sparks across the gloom.*

Flies peculiar to hot climates, which, from their phosphoric substance, shine like glow-worms in the night. Sometimes the bushes are covered with them, and the quantity of light reflected by them is truly astonishing. They are here called fire flies.

*"Hail! Sov'reign Goodness! all productive Mind!  
"On all thy works Thyself inscrib'd we find!"*

It is the strongest instance of stupidity to neglect taking notice of the works of God in the stupendous productions of his creation. The wisest men in all ages have made this subject their study, and the pleasure arising from it may be more easily felt than described. In studying the works of nature, our minds become enlarged, and we are thereby enabled more and more to attain the highest and thereby the most rational ideas of a Divine Being.

*No shades the flying savage can conceal;  
The lover finds her in the tainted gale!*

The Hottentot females besmear their skins with grease, mixed with certain herbs of a strong scent or smell, so that their approach, or place of concealment, may be discovered by this means, a long time before they make their appearance.

*But while I write, the fatal sounds invade,  
The cannon warns! behold the signal's made!*

A quarter deck gun fired, and fore topsail loose, give the signal for the ship's sailing, being about to take her departure, in order to hurry the seamen, passengers, &c. on board. In short, it is as much as to say, that all packages, letters, &c. must be sent off immediately, or be left behind.

*In that fair hope I ev'ry danger dare;  
Thy image is the talisman I wear.*

Next to the Almighty, the seaman considers his wife or mistress as his polar or leading star. It supports and animates him in the hour of danger, checks his pursuits if improper, and it is his highest ambition to distinguish himself in the hour of action, and in the exercise of every manly virtue, in order to render himself more acceptable and worthy of her affection and esteem. I would wish it to be understood, that this is not confined to the officers alone, but to seamen in general.

## NOTES ON CANTO THIRD.

---

*When scorch'd with summer's sultry heat we burn,  
The cooling breeze refresheth in its turn.*

The land and sea breezes, which regularly blow in the mornings and evenings.

*By a vast ridge of circling mountains bound,  
The lofty Gauts half form a spacious round.*

*The Gauts*, which separate the coast of Malabar from Coromandel, extend from Cape Comorin south, to the confines of Persia north. This chain of mountains is supposed to occasion the difference of seasons on the two coasts, which is accounted one of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature; as on this coast the monsoon sets in at May or June, and lasts until October, when the fair weather begins again, and the rainy season immediately commences, and continues five or six months there, and in those places of exactly the same latitude; whereas higher up, at Bengal, the seasons are the same as on this side of India. It is supposed these mountains, from their immense height, resist the winds, and suffer them to approach no further eastward; as the whole country on this side of them is overflowed, when the other is parched up by the excessive heat of the sun. The rainy season is their summer, and of course the hottest time of the year; so that these alternate seasons of wet and dry are not only salutary for vegetation, but the thick clouds serve as a canopy from the scorching heat of the sun. Who can see those wonderful works of the great Creator, and not conclude, with the Psalmist,

*“O Lord! how manifold are thy works!”*

*“In wisdom hast thou made them all.”*

In the summer months, immediately preceding the rains, the hot scorching winds are so very intolerable, that it is almost impossible for a European to live in the towns. I have known the thermometer, about sun-rise, at 81°, and before 12 o'clock as high as 104°. This heat is almost

intolerable to a European constitution. The principal inhabitants, natives as well as foreigners, at this time retire to their garden-houses. At this season the way to be cool is to shut all the doors and windows, and darken the house as much as possible; as it is evident that, by excluding the light, we in some measure diminish the heat.

*Now sun-burnt Ryotts hasten to the fields,  
And reap the plenteous crop that Ceres yields.*

The Ryotts, or husbandmen, till the ground, milk the cows, and superintend all the different kinds of husbandry.

*Now round and round, with never-weary'd pain,  
The trampling steers beat out th' abundant grain.*

Their manner of thrashing, or treading out the corn by oxen, is the same as practised in the patriarchal age, and such as was used in Greece in Homer's time.—Deuteronomy cxxv. 4. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

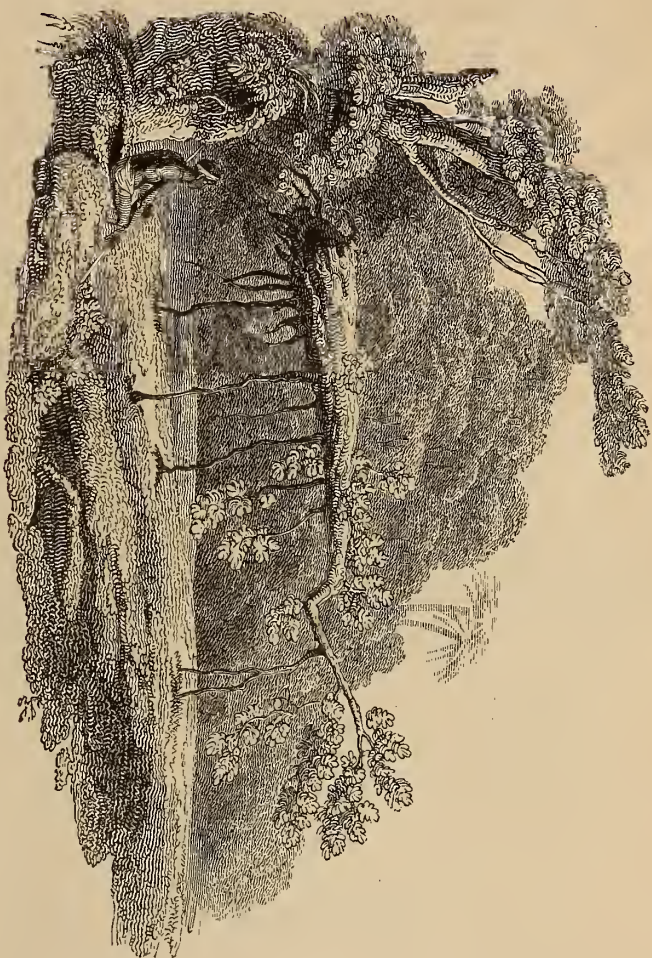
Instead of thrashing out the corn with flails, as with us, oxen, in yokes, are led over the floor. The corn is laid in a circular heap, and the oxen's feet or hooves pared and cleaned. They go round as in a mill, till the whole of the grain is brought out of the husk. It is neither so clean nor commodious as the methods used by us; but it seems it has been the practice time immemorial in these countries, and continues to this day.

*To lose my grief in fond poetic dream,  
I carv'd on Banian's bark this tender theme.*

The Banian tree is peculiar to this climate, is very large and spreading, much admired, and, I have been informed, worshipped by the Gentoos as an emblem of the Godhead. This tree, when old, has as many trunks as branches, occasioned by the latter bending down and taking root in the ground, from whence new branches spring up, which, again striking into the earth, make the tree at last of an incredible circumference, so that it will often shade upwards of 1000 men. There are no very large ones on the island of Bombay; but, from what I have seen here, I can form an idea of those on the continent, of which I have heard prodigious accounts.

Near these trees the Gentoos generally build their pagodas, and are fond of living under their shade. They are generally crowded with a great number of bats, whose wings, when extended, often measure from 3 to 4 feet. They are furnished by nature with sharp crooked claws, where-with they cling very fast to the branches.—In short, this tree is so well known and described by





Thurston, Del.

White, Sc.

# A BANIAN TREE.



naturalists, as to render any thing more I could say on the subject quite superfluous. I may mention, however, the peculiarity of one of this kind, which, having been blown up by the roots in a high wind, had vegetated in that state, and exhibited the curious circumstance of a tree horizontally elevated in the air. It had lain during the whole of the monsoon, or rainy season; but how the fibres, which struck out from the trunk, could acquire so much strength and solidity, as to raise a tree of 18 inches in diameter such a height from the ground, excites my wonder and astonishment. This happened at Anjengo, on the coast of Malabár, in the year 1756; and was seen by Captain Daniel Grose, to whom I am indebted for the drawing that accompanies it. Milton gives a very curious and pleasing description of this tree in the 9th book of his *Paradise Lost*.

*Here balmy dews each morn refresh the soil,  
And monsoon-rains reward the planter's toil.*

The Tamarind tree is a sure sign of the approach of the monsoon. It is very large and spreading, of a deep rich green, except about a month before the rainy season commences, at which time a new set of leaves, of a lively green, supply the place of the old ones, which is a sure sign the monsoon is approaching. There is one tree in the island of Bombay that retains this prophetic virtue to such a degree, that for a number of years past it has not been known to be in full verdure until a day or two before the rainy season sets in. The country people consider this tree as a sure thermometer, and are rarely if ever disappointed.

---

### IMPROMPTU,

*On our Ladies being sea-sick.*

By poets of old  
How often we're told,  
Fair Venus arose from the sea!  
'Tis strange, very odd,  
Sire Neptune, that god,  
With our beauties should thus disagree!

## SHORT ACCOUNT

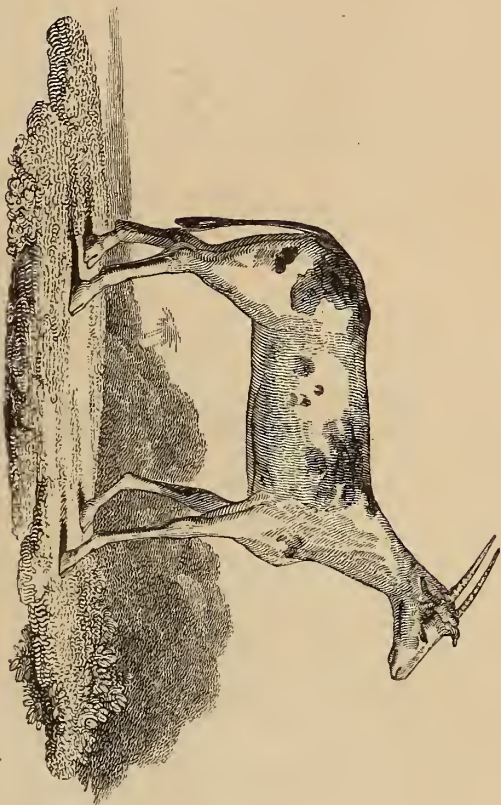
### OF AN ANIMAL FOUND ON THE COAST OF MALABAR.

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This non-descript animal (I mean as to its classification) was sent to the Nabob or King of Travancore, as a present from a neighbouring Rajah, while I was on a visit to the governor at Anjengo on the coast of Malabar. It is impossible for me to give its name, or place it under any distinct class of animals, as neither natives nor foreigners ever saw any thing of the kind before. I can form no better judgment than to consider it as a *lapsus naturæ*; but that I leave to the curious investigation of the naturalist, whose province it is to be more conversant in researches of this nature.

I have here subjoined a drawing of this uncommon animal.—Its head and countenance resembled those of a sheep, its hind part that of a cow, with hooves and tail the same as that animal. Fore-feet like an antelope, horns like those of a goat, but smoother, and of a finer polish. It was about the size of a goat, and its colour black and white.





Thurston, Del.

White, Sc.

A NON DESCRIPT.



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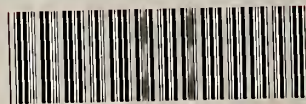
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